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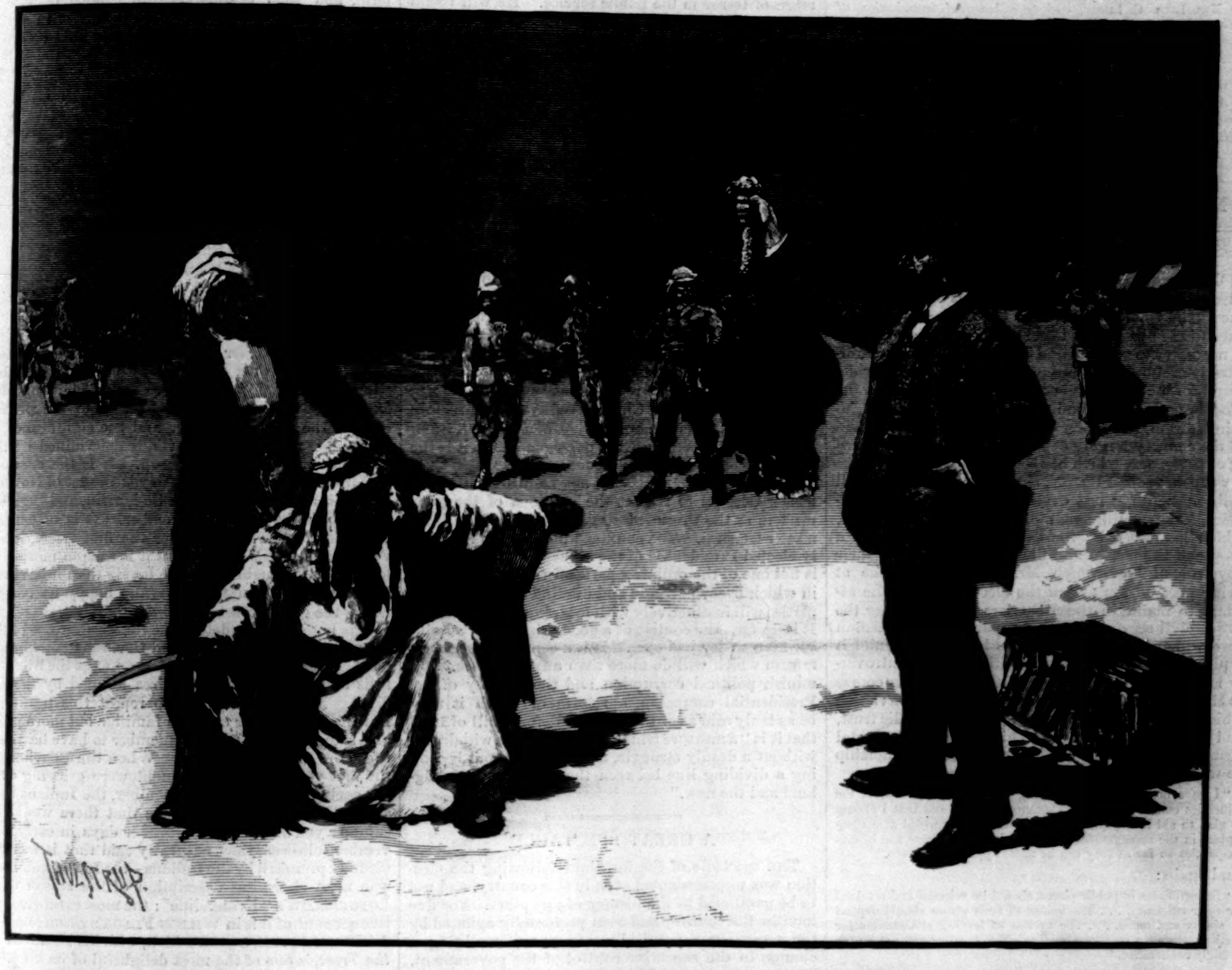
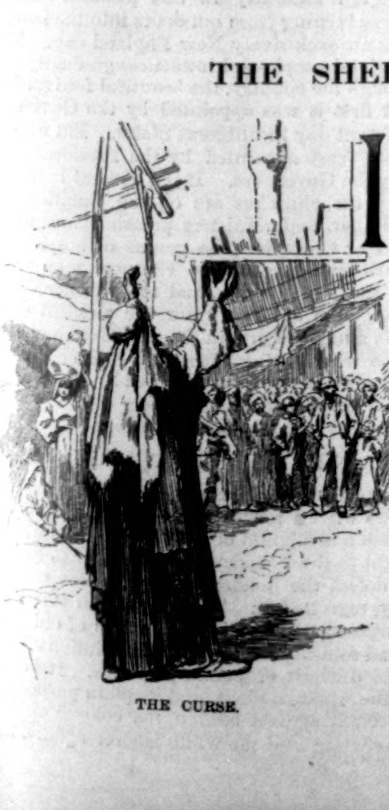


"THIS HE HELD TOWARD THE SAVAGE KALFA, WHO STILL CLUTCHED THE UPLIFTED KNIFE, AND MR. SPINK ASKED HIM, CHEERFULLY, 'HOW MUCH?'"

THE SHEIK'S CURSE: A THANKSGIVING-DAY ADVENTURE.



THE CURSE.

I SAW the sheik first in a bazar in Cairo. I was a boy of thirteen, travelling under the care of Mr. Spink, of Chawsquemunkie, Maine, and I had implored him to buy me a fez, as my hat was very heavy and uncomfortable. Trying to find a good bargain, we were shopping through a little remote square which the steam-horse had not yet breathed upon, and improvement companies had not yet ruined. A camel was lying down before the open bazars, where sleepy merchants and lazy customers were coming slowly to agreements. There was the odor of Latakieh mingled with the unwholesome smell from the loose pavement; there were glitter and color of bright metal and rich stuffs all through the arcades, and most picturesque dirt and rags on the passers-by.

"Buyee, seven franc," said a shop-keeper, holding up a fez.

"I—don't—propose—to—be—swindled," answered Mr. Spink, slowly and distinctly, and looking the wily Egyptian in the eye. Then he added, emphatically, "No—too much."

"Buyee five franc?" inquired the native, with a backward twist of his hand, the true Oriental merchant's gesture.

"Two francs; not a cent more," said Mr. Spink.

Another shop-keeper made the proposition "six franc," and a dozen more tried to meet Mr. Spink's terms, but he always answered, "Too much," and at last the ragged street urchins danced about us shouting, "Too muchee—too muchee." Lounging along in this way, a crowd at our heels, we came upon a Bedouin standing, his white burnoose thrown back, bargaining for some cloth at a booth which was kept by a Greek. As he talked he toyed with a rich and beautiful dagger, which evidently belonged in the sheath he wore at his side. Mr. Spink's eye fell on the curious weapon, and walking straight up to the man, he pointed to it and said, "How much?"

The Bedouin shook his head, sheathed the blade, and stepped back. Mr. Spink, following, inquired again, "How much?" and held out five shining English sovereigns.

The splendid swarthy Ishmael said many words in Arabic, swiftly and angrily, and began to scowl. At this the Greek shop-keeper attempted to interpret. "I can leetle English spek. Sheik Kalfa-Zohair say he will not to sell dagger."

"None of *your* interference!" said Mr. Spink. "Always get what I want by talking plain English;" and reiterating, "How much?" he temptingly displayed ten, then twelve bright pieces.

There came a storm of gutturals, and the sheik haughtily glowered upon us over his crossed arms.

The officious merchant again interfered. "Kalfa say that dagger is two hundred year to his father and many grandfather belong. He fear the Frank haf evil-eye. Bad luck come to him what sell his father's dagger."

"Hold your tongue!" and Mr. Spink rattled twenty, twenty-five sovereigns.

Kalfa trembled, turned pale, put out a hand, cupidity in every joint of the clutching fingers, then sharply withdrew it. The pile still growing, the lust of gain made ugly spasms about the chief's great mobile mouth, and suddenly he threw himself upon the clinking heap, hustled the yellow pieces into the folds of his girdle, flung down dagger and sheath, and hurried away. At a little distance he wheeled, stood at his full majestic stature, raised an arm high above his head, and hurled forth a torrent of imprecation so swift, so fervid, so terrible that it needed interpretation no more than the roar of a maddened wild beast. In great clashes of sound that struck fire in the air, it spoke anger, hate, revenge—the will to rend, crush, and destroy. It was a curse, solemn, savage, and awful. At the climax Kalfa shook both long, lithe hands toward us, held them quivering high in the face of heaven, brought them down clinched like iron; then with a sweep gathered up the folds of his burnoose and was gone.

Every lounger about the bazars, the very fellaheen passing with burdens, shrank away from us; the hooting gamins stood open-

[*Continued on page 788.*]

"Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just issued the fifth volume of Harper's Young People. If anything could ever make us willing to be young again, it would be the possession of such a volume as this."—*New York Mail and Express.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published November 25, 1884, may well be called a Thanksgiving Number. Among the numerous articles and illustrations which have reference to the great American festival are,

"BROOM, A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING-DAY,"

by Florence B. Hallowell, *with front-page illustration by* N. P. Share; "*Thanksgiving on the Farm,*" *a poem by* Mary D. Brine; "*Mabel Thinks of What She Has to be Thankful For,*" *a full-page, by* W. L. Sheppard.

In addition to this list of attractions attention may be called to an article entitled

"THE STONES OF THE 'HOLY CITY,'"

by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, *and to a beautiful reproduction of "Greuze's Portrait of His Own Child," from the original in the National Gallery, London.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 29, 1884.

THE FIRST CONTEST.

THE great contest of the new Administration will begin with the inauguration. It is one which was inevitable whenever a change of party control of the executive power should occur. It is one also which is necessary to confirm and finally to establish administrative reform. It is the contest with the party demand for a clean sweep of the civil service. It is the most important question which will confront the Administration, and upon its wise decision the welfare of the country largely depends. For unless the power of patronage, which has been always so destructive a weapon against liberty, shall be restrained, it will embarrass and at last overthrow republican government. It is patronage, more than any other cause, which has erected "the barriers between the plain people of the nation and the administration of their government," of which Mr. Cleveland spoke at Bridgeport on the eve of the election. It is the attempt to maintain those barriers by converting the entire civil service into a vast partisan organization with which as President he will have to deal, and it is pleasant to know that his position in the controversy is what all good citizens would wish. His course as Mayor of Buffalo was determined by the conviction which he announced that public office is a public trust, and not a party reward. This is the fundamental idea of reform. As a candidate for the Governorship he wrote frankly:

> "I have no hesitation in saying that I fully approve of the principles embodied in the Pendleton bill, . . . and that I should be glad to aid in any practical legislation which would give them a place in the management of the affairs of the State and of municipalities so far as they can be made applicable thereto."

And again:

> "Subordinates in public places should be selected and retained for their efficiency. . . . The tenure of such places should depend on ability and merit. . . . The system of levying assessments for partisan purposes on those holding office or place can not be too strongly condemned."

As Governor his attention was specifically drawn to the methods of reducing this principle to practice in general administration, and it is to his clear comprehension and steady good faith that the reformed system in New York is largely indebted for its establishment and enforcement. His chief appointments have been made for fitness and efficiency in disregard of party pressure. His removal of District-Attorney Downing against party remonstrance showed both his high view of public duty and his courage in performing it. His vetoes in the interest of the public and of good government, and in the face of the bitter hostility of a powerful wing of his party, have been in themselves acts of reform. The Governor strongly recommended the amendment of the State reform bill which made the new system mandatory and not discretionary in cities, and in his letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency he said, in strict accordance with his convictions and his official action:

> "The people pay the wages of the public employés, and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of these affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service. The interests of the people will be better protected. The estimate of public labor and duty will be immensely improved; public employment will be open to all who can demonstrate their fitness to enter it. The unseemly scramble for place under the government, with a consequent importunity which imbitters official life, will cease, and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places, instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people."

These are his principles and this has been his practice. What, then, is the prospect? The pressure upon him will be tremendous. Mr. Thurman's idea of party success was "warming the boys' toes," and it will have an immense support. But so will the position of the new President. There are, first, his own strong convictions and unquailing firmness and courage. Very much more than any recent prominent public officer he has shown the disposition and the ability to withstand evil pressure from his own party or from any other source. Then he will rely upon the undoubted public demand for reform which forced the passage of the reform bill through a Congress which had spat upon it six months before. He will be sustained by the moral intelligence of both the great parties. He will at once win the sympathy and support of the service itself. He will allay, with the most beneficial result, all apprehension of the serious disturbance in business and public confidence which must result from a general party proscription and reign of terror in the public service. He will retain as a bulwark of his administration the powerful reform sentiment which worked earnestly for his election. He will have completed the most vital and necessary administrative reform in our history, and have identified his administration with reform as that of Lincoln is identified with emancipation.

This is the opportunity offered to Mr. Cleveland, and nothing in his character or career justifies the expectation that he will be unequal to it. He will undoubtedly respect and enforce the existing reform act. He will also, we have no doubt, observe its spirit in cases which are not covered by its letter. We do not mean that no changes will be made, nor that Republicans rather than Democrats will be appointed. Many changes undoubtedly ought to be made, and the old system multiplies offices which may well be abolished. We do not forget also that the great multitude of minor places are not in the President's immediate gift. The larger part of the Post-offices, for instance, are filled by the Postmaster-General. But a President bent upon reform and responsible as the Chief Executive would require conformity to his general policy of administration. If the post-offices are used as party machines, it is the President who is called to account, and the mistake of John Quincy Adams lay in not requiring his Postmaster-General to respect the opinions of the postmasters as the President respected those of the Postmaster-General. The conflict which awaits the newly elected President is of the highest importance. It is not one of the ordinary partisan character, but one in which every patriotic and intelligent citizen of all parties will instinctively wish to strengthen his hands. It is, in fact, the contest of a good principle of administration with a bad one.. It is a conflict to perfect a reform which will do more than anything else to diminish political corruption and the ferocity of the Presidential campaign, a reform of which it may be as truly said as of the English Reform Bill of 1832, that it is "a measure which could never be withdrawn without a deadly struggle, nor stand without becoming a dividing line between the old history of England and the new."

A GREAT SPECTACLE.

The spectacle of the fortnight following the election was unprecedented even in this country, and not to be paralleled in the history of any other. For five months the country had been profoundly agitated by the most bitter political controversy, involving a change in the executive control of the government. The appeal to party spirit—the most perilous passion in a republic—was never more fiery or more constant, and the secession of a large body of voters from each of the parties with which they had been accustomed to act was not only significant in itself as revealing the real issue of the campaign, but suggestive of the extraordinary political disturbance of the country. The election took place with marvellous tranquillity. The result was announced the next morning, but it was evident that the ten million votes of the country had been cast almost equally, so far as the choice of electors was concerned, and it was immediately apparent that the actual election would be determined by the result in the city of New York.

Fortunately the election law of this State is admirably drawn upon the soundest principles. Each voting district, of which there are nearly four thousand in the State, at the close of the polls counts its few hundred votes in the presence of representatives of all parties, certifies the result to the county authorities, and immediately destroys the ballots. From that moment, unless some gross fraud can be established, which, under the circumstances, is almost impossible, the final result is a simple sum in addition. There was some confusion until Friday morning, the third day after the election, when some of the city papers announced a plurality for Mr. Cleveland which, with a slight variation, was officially confirmed a week later. But a claim of fraud or irregularity which would change the result was asserted by the defeated candidate and his committees, which was resisted with perfect positiveness of conviction by the other party. The excitement was intense, but the public peace was unbroken. It was soon plain that no fraud or trick would be attempted, for the law keeps the count openly in the eye of both parties, and when the result was declared of a little more than a plurality of one thousand votes in ten millions there was no excitement, and acquiescence was as complete as if there had been a majority of a million.

This is the spectacle of a truly self-governing nation. It is the proof of the profound American conviction that liberty is safest under law—that, indeed, without unquestioning obedience to law there is no liberty. It may serve to re-assure those who deprecate the frequency of Presidential elections as dangerous to the country. This is a radical error. Frequency of elections is the security of peaceful acquiescence in the result. No mischief can be done in the short term of the Lower House or of the Executive comparable to that of forcible interference with the established order. But the probability of such interference is greatly increased by lengthening the term, and thus postponing the chance of lawful change. The most conservative influence in a popular government is the consciousness that constant opportunity is offered legally to conform the policy of administration to the views of the people. The only serious obstructions to such conformity, when elections are frequent, are patronage and actual corruption. But the reformed civil service disposes of patronage as a corrupting force, and actual buying of voters can be checked by a good law like that recently passed in England. The election of this year should renew the confidence of every intelligent American in American institutions.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving comes this year at the end of a singularly beautiful Indian summer. During the first three weeks of November there was but one rainy day, and the weather during all that time was soft and serene, with the gentle warmth and the hazy horizon which distinguish the season. The beautiful days renewed the old contention as to the precise time of the Indian summer and the significance of the name. The time, however, is determined by the alternative names of the season. It is the summer of All-saints, and All-saints' Day is the 1st of November; and it is the summer of St. Martin, and St. Martin's Day is the 11th of November. It is, of course, the mild weather which, after the first frosts, intervenes before the winter. But it is seldom more prolonged, more equable, or more lovely than it has been this year, and Thanksgiving is the happy festival in which the gracious season fitly culminates.

It is not so easy to determine the significance of the name. The old tradition held that the "smokiness" of the landscape, the haze that overhangs the tranquil hills and fields, was due to fires kindled by the Indians. Mr. Webster used to repeat this tradition. But there is another and less familiar but more probable suggestion, which we remember to have heard on the shore of Buzzard's Bay. When the Pilgrims, in the first year of their settlement, were grieving over the early sharp frosts in September, the Indians consoled them with the assurance that there would be summer yet, and when the milder days in early November followed, they naturally said that it was the summer promised by the Indians—the Indian summer. The most charming description of the season is in Longfellow's "Evangeline"; the most careful scientific account of it is in Wilson Flagg's *Studies in the Field and Forest*, a work which, with his *Year among the Trees*, is one of the most delightful of its kind.

The domestic feast of Thanksgiving—the Puritan Christmas—fell naturally in this pleasant season when life was turning from out-doors into the house. It was long an exclusively New England day. But as New England people and influences gradually extended through the country, the beautiful festival followed. At first it was appointed by the Governor upon a different day in different States. But now it is a national feast appointed by the President and seconded by the Governors. It is a general holiday, upon which the churches are opened, families are united at dinner, and ministers preach upon public affairs. As at Christmas, the genius of hospitality and of charity walks abroad. The poor man feels the kindly spirit of the day, and the prisoner dines well. Evangeline did not know the pleasant day. But upon its annual return, in the generous hand and kindly voice which bring them food and cheer, the forlorn and suffering are still succored by her benign, humane, and devoted spirit.

MR. BLAINE'S SPEECH AT AUGUSTA.

Mr. Blaine's bitter, unpatriotic, and mischievous speech shows what a misfortune the country has escaped. Such a revelation of the spirit that he would have brought to the Presidency must go far to reconcile to his defeat the honorable Republicans who at first deeply regretted it. The speech can serve no possible purpose but to rekindle the fires of old animosities, and to delay and perplex the solution of one of the most difficult of public problems. It is addressed to the worst passions, and its plain purpose is to array section against section, the colored citizen against the white, and the white laborer against the colored. It is the last desperate endeavor of a defeated politician, whose candidacy has rent his party, to confuse public sentiment, to exasperate the country, and to produce such evil results as may be wrought by the words of a disappointed and unscrupulous partisan.

The burden of the speech is the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, the low wages of colored laborers as degrading white labor at the North by competition, and the assertion that Southern whites are enemies of the government, and that they will now control it to base ends, as they did in the days of slavery. But there is no suggestion of any remedial measure; not a word nor a thought of statesmanship. Mr. Blaine knows perfectly well that the first signs of any such result as he professes to anticipate would sweep away the party which was responsible for them, and he ought to know that the solution of the peculiar problems which are offered by the condition of the Southern States is impossible so long as the white citizens of those States are regarded and treated as public enemies.

Unfortunate as the situation in many parts of the Southern States may be, every intelligent American must rejoice that it was not made by the country a pretext for electing a Presidential candidate whom many of his own supporters frankly declared to be a dishonest man, whose candidacy for such reasons enormously reduced his party vote, whose election was desired by jobbers and speculators of every degree, and whose administration would have been surrounded and swayed by the most demoralizing and corrupting influences. The patriotic good sense which has prevented his election will deal both with the questions that now demand attention and settlement and with any party which should viciously obstruct such settlement. If any doubt had remained of the unworthiness of Mr. Blaine as a candidate of the Republican party, it would be totally dispelled by this speech.

INTOLERANCE OF OPINION.

In an admirable article upon "Political Intolerance" the Brooklyn *Union* points out that the boast that entire freedom of opinion is allowed in the Northern States, while it is suppressed in the Southern, is not justified by the conduct of many Blaine supporters. It cites the hanging in effigy of St. John, the boycotting of business men in rural communities in New York, the public insults to clergymen in Connecticut, and even in Vermont the burning in effigy of a most highly respected citizen because he could not honestly support Mr. Blaine, as revealing a spirit that would easily resort to physical vengeance.

The *Union* adds—and its words may well be pondered by all intelligent citizens:

> "Such incidents as these—and these are only samples of a great number—should teach the North that it has still itself much to learn as to the right of freedom of opinion. When party spirit has gone to such lengths that men who feel compelled from a sense of duty to oppose their party's candidate are burned in effigy, injured in business, driven from their pulpits and barely escape mobbing by representatives of the 'party of moral ideas,' it is high time to call a halt. In fact, the wisdom of the change of administration decreed by the voters has been made even more manifest since the election than it was before. When men who profess to be intelligent, tolerant, and even Christian, have sunk to that stage where they confound partisanship with patriotism, and betray their open sympathy with a bulldozing even meaner than that which they have long condemned in the South, the country needs a change, to open their eyes and show them how unpatriotic and un-American they have insensibly grown. The lesson of political tolerance proves to be one which the North sadly needed to learn, and it is not the least beneficent result of Cleveland's election that it will teach this lesson."

TWO ENTERTAINING BOOKS.

Two very entertaining books are the *Literary Recollections* of James Payn, the novelist, and *Fifty Years of London Life, or Memoirs of a Man of the World*, as Mr. Edmund Yates calls his volume of reminiscences. Mr. Yates is not an old man, for he was born in 1831, and an epoch of fifty years, therefore, covers most of his age. But he was the son of an actor, and his acquaintance with "the world" of London, its noted people and places, began at a very early age.

His book describes literary and theatrical London of the last thirty years, and recalls most that is familiar to many Americans of the same age with the author. It is a fluent, sketchy, brisk, and amusing book, and valuable as a picture of the life of a London Bohemian. For this reason the book will be of service to young men burning to go and do likewise. Mr. Payn's book is in a different key, but it reveals also the difficulties and the character of the professional literary life. But its bright, vivacious, and cheery tone makes it very pleasant gossip.

Both books depict the same general life which is familiar in the lives of Dickens and Thackeray, who were what Thackeray would have called the "prizemen" of the last generation of the English and the London professional literary class. *Pendennis* describes much of the actual London life which is described by Edmund Yates, and Thackeray never lost the feeling of *camaraderie* with all his literary brethren. He used to describe the deep feeling of apprehension with which they all regarded Angus Reach when he appeared, lest a star had arisen which would outshine them all. Thackeray is a frequent figure in Mr. Yates's book, which gives a full account of the Thackeray and Yates difficulty at the Garrick Club—a difficulty in which Thackeray was too sensitive until Yates was unwisely advised by Dickens. The two great authors were never really friends. There is a certain simplicity in the way in which both Mr. Yates and Mr. Payn take the public into their confidence, and it is probably very difficult for a man who writes such a book to perceive how he himself appears in it.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

The Conference which is now sitting at Berlin to concert measures for developing trade and for regulating annexation of territory in Central Africa is a very significant event. As stated by Prince Bismarck, the three main questions are free navigation and trade upon the Congo River and upon the river Niger, and the formalities of annexation, which last word is apparently a euphemism for conquest. The Prince said that questions of sovereignty would not be now considered.

England and Portugal, however, each asserts certain "claims" in mid-Africa. England accedes to free navigation and trade upon the Niger, but holds that the surveillance should not be international, but British, because England is the sole or chief proprietary power upon the lower Niger. Portugal, also, admits the principle of free navigation upon the African rivers, and does not wish to establish a restrictive tariff upon the Congo. But she would exact taxes from the trade sufficient to maintain the liberty and safety of person and property. Portugal would furnish the police for the Congo and England for the Niger at the expense of whomsoever it might concern.

The question of rival jurisdiction upon the Dark Continent is not one that can be easily adjusted. But the Conference, following upon the voyages of Mr. Stanley which have opened the way for further exploration and trade, forecasts the advance of civilization into Africa. Mr. Stanley is in Berlin, and is said to deny the claims of Portuguese control of the mouth of the Congo. The action of the Conference will be watched with great interest, and its conclusions must necessarily be important.

FIGHTING FOR CHARITY.

Mayor Edson has done well in directing the Police Commissioners to prohibit the sparring exhibitions, as they are called, which are but a milder name for prize-fights. The law prohibits the latter, and the Mayor not unnaturally assumes that when professional boxers are forbidden to fight with fists, and put on gloves, the encounter is substantially the same thing, and the different name and form are merely an evasion.

Judge Barrett ruled that he must discharge certain pugilists who were brought before him charged with an intention to break the law in a prize-fight which was announced as a sparring match. The Judge held that friendly sparring with gloves, with no intent of serious injury or contention, was not forbidden, and that if the friendly sparring degenerated into a fight, the police could interfere. This is rather an air-line. But as Mr. Laflin, one of the pugilists, declares, in a letter to the *Herald*, that he boxes "in the interest of charity," Judge Barrett's decision seemed to be expedient. But the same evening the "friendly match" became so furious that the police interfered and arrested the boxers.

That the Madison Square Garden, when filled by the audience which assembles to see a "fight in the interest of charity," is a school of the Christian virtues and graces, or that the spectacle tends to promote public order and decency, and should be tolerated and encouraged by the law, is perhaps not perfectly clear. But we admit that it is a great improvement upon the disgusting and imbruting spectacle of the furious pummelling of a human being into a jelly which is known as "the ring" and the "manly art." If the "sparring matches" "in the interest of charity" are to replace the "prize-fights," public decency will certainly be the gainer. But the probability of such a result is evidently very small.

THE MUSICAL TOURNAMENT.

Whether the musical partisan feeling of the time in London when the rallying cry was "One God, one Farinelli!" is to be revived in New York, remains to be seen. But when the programme of one opera-house, in allusion to the other house, speaks of "the people who only go to hear a few vocal solos and duos," it is evident that feeling is already very warm, and that the glove is thrown down. The contest is in form a rivalry between the Italian and the modern German opera, and at the beginning two advantages appear upon the German side.

One is the freshness and novelty of the music itself. The other is the trouble which has appeared among "the people who only go to hear a few vocal solos and duos." Their manager is not satisfied with the manner in which certain pecuniary aid is paid to him, and he threatens to withdraw the chief *exécutante* of the vocal solos. Should he persist, dark night and woe would instantly descend upon the prospects of "the people," etc.

The opening of the German opera at the new Opera-house was very successful. The audience was large and brilliant, and nobody apparently fell asleep except some denizens of the boxes who regard the opera as an arena for the exhibition of their own clothes and gems, and not as a "temple of art." The *Tannhäuser* was admirably mounted and sung, and although one of the critics insisted that the result was a drawn game between the boxes, which took the French view, that the music is tedious, and the galleries and aisles, which held to the German conviction, that it is divine. Yet the general verdict was one of great satisfaction. It is hardly probable, however, that the German opera—that is to say, the Wagnerian opera—can ever take the place of the Italian as a purely fashionable amusement. It is too serious, and requires a very different kind of interest and attention from those that the world of fashion is accustomed to bestow upon the opera. But there is no reason to doubt that the German season which is now auspiciously opened will proceed satisfactorily and successfully.

PERSONAL.

The late Dr. William Porter, for ten years Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, will be missed by the inmates, for whose sanitary condition he did so much. It was he who prescribed the general system of diet and hygiene which has contributed to their health. His devotion to work was enthusiastic, and his rare intelligence will give permanence to the results of his industry. His associates have adopted a minute expressive of their gratitude for his professional labors and for his spirit of true benevolence.

—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the eminent African explorer, is one of the most important of the technical advisers before the Congo Conference at Berlin. Probably no living man possesses so thorough a knowledge of the Congo and of the vast territory through which it flows as the author of *Through the Dark Continent*, published by Harper & Brothers, in which Mr. Stanley narrates the adventures that attended his exploration of that mighty river.

—The memory of the late Alexander H. Stephens is held in esteem by the people of this country North and South, and among the contributors to the memorial fund in his honor are the Hon. William M. Evarts and Mr. John Kelly, each of whom sat with the Georgia statesman in Congress.

—Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Dr. Schweninger, of Munich, having cured Prince Bismarck of obesity, has been made "extraordinary professor" at Berlin. But his new colleagues at the institution do not take kindly to him, and Dr. Schweninger challenged the rector to fight a duel, which he declined to do.

—Fifty years ago Meissonier's drawings fetched from five to eight dollars apiece, and while making them he was so poor that his luncheon consisted of a raw apple, and his dinner of soup, bread, and fried potatoes, his total living expenses for six months being ten dollars.

—Captain Ericsson, though more than eighty years old, has few of the physical traits of an octogenarian. Neither his hair nor his beard is gray. Twenty-three years ago his little *Monitor* saved the day in Hampton Roads by putting the *Merrimac* to flight. He lives in a modest way in this city, and still applies his mind to inventions of various kinds.

—Edmund Yates on Charles Dickens: "In regard to the friendship which Dickens vouchsafed me, I have been frequently asked, 'Did he come up to the expectations you had formed of him? was Dickens, the man, as lovable as Dickens, the author?' and I have always replied, 'Yes, wholly.' All the kindness of heart, geniality, generosity, appreciation of whatever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all the leading qualities of his books, were component parts of his nature."

—The Paris press has been attacking Mlle. Van Zandt, the American singer, with suspicious unanimity. A cable dispatch gives the following explanation: "She will not purchase the favor of Boulevard critics by money or otherwise. She poses a little as a hoyden, but is thoroughly well-behaved, and is admitted into the best French society. Her cheek-bones are high, her forehead, brows, and eyes show intensity of character and intellect, and her mouth is simply perfect. The hair is auburn, and has narrowly escaped being sandy. She abhors the stage, and sings only because she wants money. She is not luxurious in tastes or habits, and her dream of happiness is the tranquil life of an American or English home."

—One of the ornaments of Prince Bismarck's audience chamber is a marble bust of Count von Moltke, the base of which is encircled by a wreath of laurel and oak leaves bound with a broad ribbon of black, red, and yellow. Portraits of Beaconsfield and Thiers face each other.

—Some time ago General Di Cesnola presented a cast of an original Babylonian cylinder to Mr. J. F. X. O'Conor, an American pupil of Professor Haupt. The cylinder contained an inscription in Assyrian cuneiform letters, which Mr. O'Conor has translated, and which refers to Nebuchadnezzar and the magnificent buildings of Babylon.

—Mr. Andrew Lang writes that when a boy somebody gave him a copy of Edgar A. Poe's lurid tales, which greatly frightened him. "Every night I expected to wake up in my coffin, having been prematurely buried; or to hear sighs in the area, followed by light, unsteady footsteps on the stairs, and then to see a lady, all in a white shroud, stained with blood and clay, stagger into my room. I had as bad a time of it in the night-watches as any happy British child has survived."

—It is now thirty-four years since John C. Calhoun was buried in St. Philip's church-yard, Charleston, South Carolina. On the 13th of November his body was disinterred, and placed in a sarcophagus of Vermont granite, which had been ordered at a cost of $3000 by the State Legislature. Among those present at the ceremony was ex-Judge Magrath, who acted as Marshal of the day when Calhoun was buried. The coffin was well preserved, as was a wreath of laurel and cypress that had been lying on it for thirty-four years. The sarcophagus rests upon the site of the old grave, and is a beautiful and impressive memorial.

—In a letter written by Mr. Carlyle to his wife during his absence in Germany he speaks of his desire to return "even to sooty London" from "these strange sleepless, nervous, indescribable foreign parts." "It seems to me," he adds, "that I shall be rather unwilling to get upon the road again were I once fairly home."

—Although the newspapers have announced that Madame Patti has bought a handsome billiard table and sent it to her castle in Wales, it is not she who plays the game, but Nicolini.

—*George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals* is the title of the forth-coming work by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, who has arranged her letters and journals so as to make practically an autobiography. The famous novelist was wont to lay bare her mind with great frankness before her various correspondents.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold will soon resign his position as Inspector of Schools, in order to make an extended tour in this country.

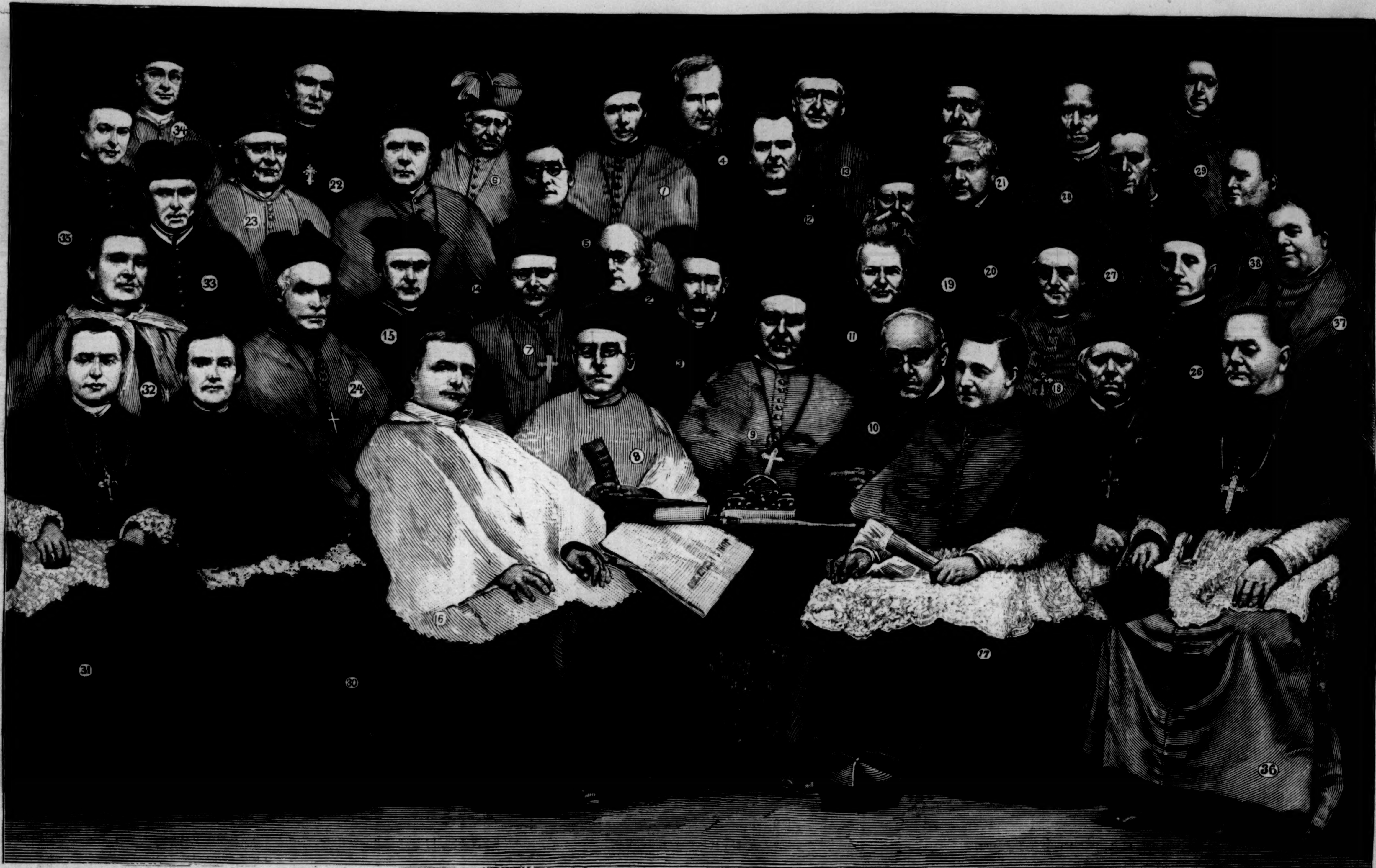
—Sir William Thomson, of the University of Edinburgh, is one of the directors of the railroad at the Giant's Causeway, where electricity is successfully used as a motive power. At Mr. Cyrus W. Field's request, he recently made an examination of the New York elevated roads, and reported that the same motive power could be applied to them with a great saving in the cost of running. The experiment will soon be tried.

—Professor Tyndall claims to be a descendant of Tyndale the translator of the Bible, and to have a yearly income of only $6,000. Six years after he left school he was a civil engineer's assistant at a salary of five dollars a week. "I have often wondered since," he says, "at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow of regular habits, not caring for either pipe or mug, may extract from pay like that." Subsequently when studying at Marburg, Germany, he "worked without weariness sixteen hours a day."

—Mr. W. T. Dannat's large picture of four life-size strolling Spanish musicians, which was perhaps the best executed and most important American contribution to the last Paris Salon, is now at Mr. Schaus's gallery. It is a wonderful piece of realism, flavored to a highly suggestive degree with the personality of the author.

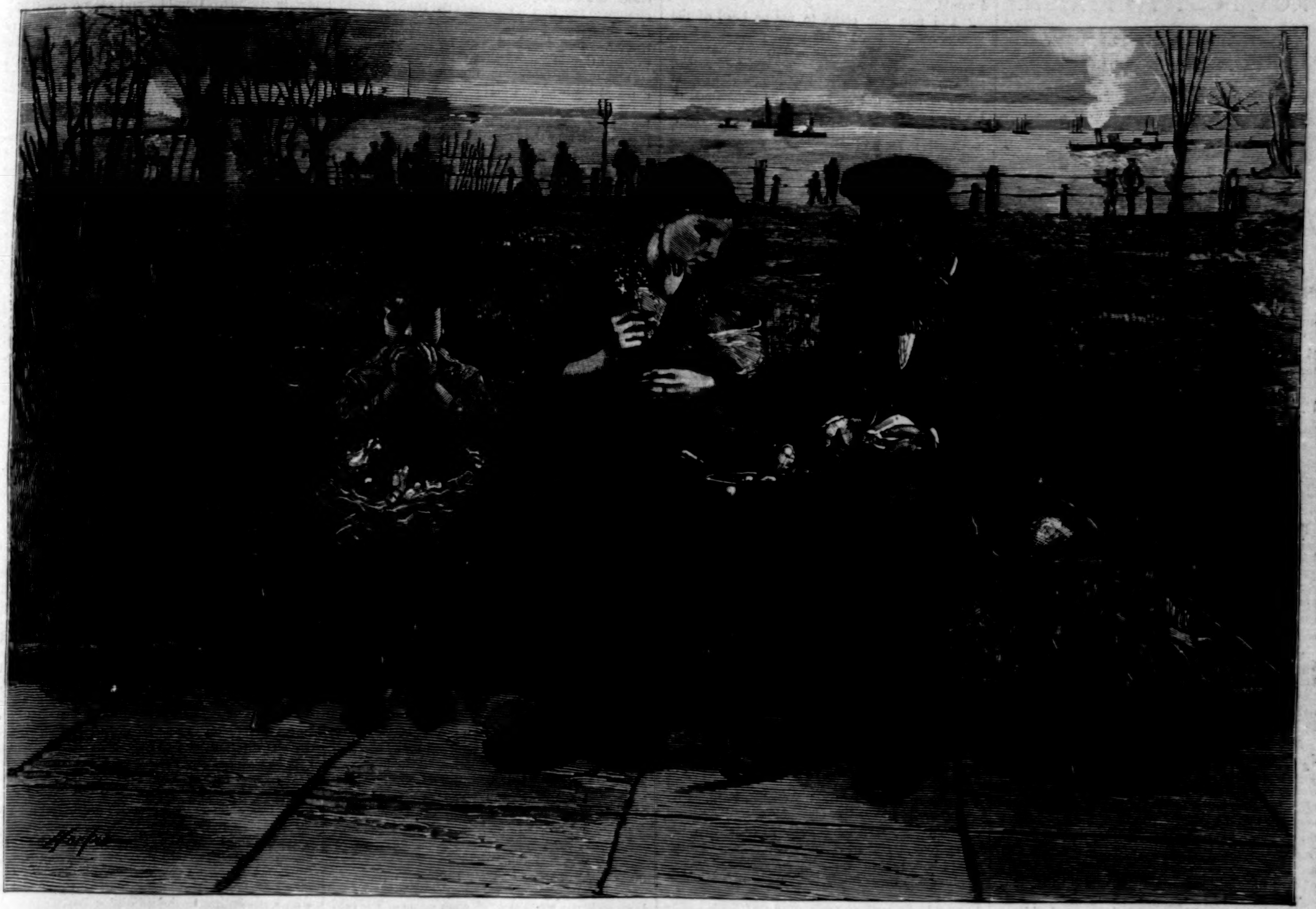
—Captain Hippolyte Nicolas, the instructor of the Fencers' Club, who also provides for its gastronomic comfort, is a small, wiry, accomplished fencer, who teaches the art with science added to common-sense, and is not distressed if some of his pupils are content to use it as a means of light physical exercise rather than as an exhibition of expert skill.

—The late Earl of Malmesbury saw the ex-Emperor Napoleon the Third at Wilhelmshöhe, who, during half an hour, "conversed with me as calmly as in the best days of his life, with a dignity and resignation which might be that of a fatalist, but could hardly be obtained from any other creed. When I saw him again I found him much more depressed at the destruction of Paris and at the anarchy prevailing over France than he was at his own misfortunes; and that the Communists should have committed such horrors in the presence of their enemies, the Prussian armies, appeared to him the very acme of humiliation and of national infamy."

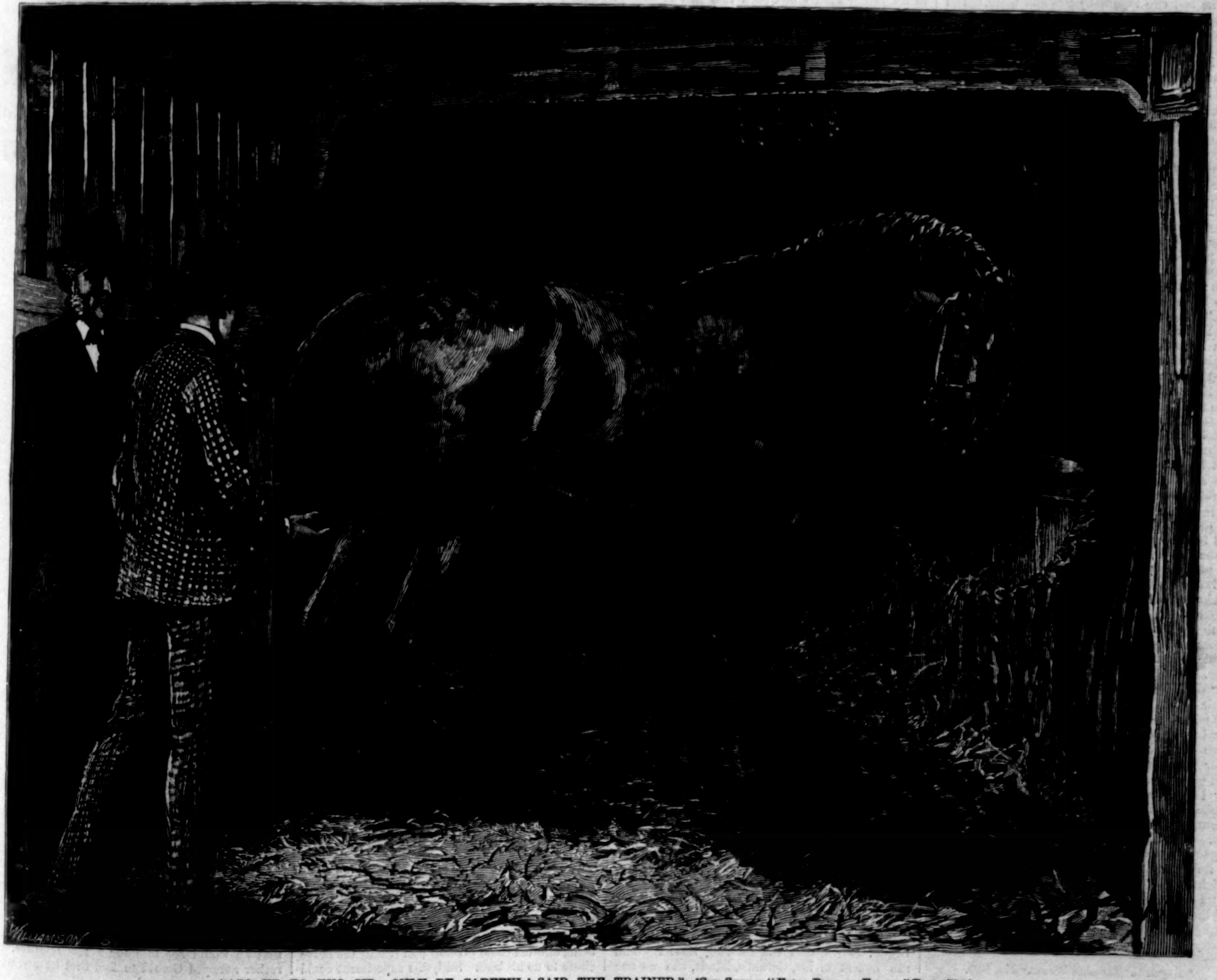


MEMBERS OF THE PLENARY COUNCIL IN BALTIMORE.—Arranged from a Photograph taken and Copyrighted by Daniel Bendann.—[See Page 785.]

1. Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. 2. Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. 3. Right Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, D.D., Administrator of Galveston. 4. Right Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska. 5. Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken, D.D., Bishop of Providence. 6. Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis. 7. Right Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D.D., Bishop of Nashville. 8. Right Rev. Alfonsus J. Glorieux, Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho. 9. Right Rev. John Hennessy, D.D., Bishop of Dubuque. 10. Right Rev. James Corcoran, D.D., 1st Secretary. 11. Right Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. 12. Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. 13. Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Archbishop of Boston. 14. Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago. 15. Right Rev. Henry Cosgrove, D.D., Bishop of Davenport. 16. Very Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., Superior of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, 2d Secretary. 17. Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D.D., Bishop-elect of Covington. 18. Right Rev. Henry P. Northrop, D.D., Bishop of Charleston. 19. Right Rev. Rupert Seidenbusch, O.S.B., D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of North Minnesota. 20. Most Rev. John B. Salpointe, D.D., Archbishop of Anazarba, Coadjutor of Santa Fe. 21. Most Rev. Michael Heiss, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee. 22. Most Rev. John B. Lamy, D.D., Archbishop of Santa Fe. 23. Most Rev. Francis X. Leray, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans. 24. Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, D.D., Titular Bishop of Joppa. 25. Right Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn. 26. Right Rev. Henry J. Richter, D.D., Bishop of Grand Rapids. 27. Most Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, D.D., Archbishop Coadjutor of San Francisco. 28. Most Rev. William H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. 29. Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington. 30. Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Bishop of Columbus. 31. Right Rev. Francis Janssens, D.D., Bishop of Natchez. 32. Very Rev. R. Phelan, V.G., Procurator of Bishop of Pittsburgh. 33. Right Rev. Martin Marty, O.S.B., D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Dakota. 34. Most Rev. Charles J. Seghers, D.D., Archbishop of Oregon. 35. Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop Coadjutor of New York. 36. Right Rev. John J. Conroy, D.D., Titular Bishop of Curio. 37. Right Rev. Ægidius Junger, D.D., Bishop of Nesqually. 38. Right Rev. Francis McNeirny, D.D., Bishop of Albany.



CASTLE GARDEN—THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.—DRAWN BY ST. JOHN HARPER.



"'GO UP TO HIM, SIR; ONLY BE CAREFUL,' SAID THE TRAINER."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM POST TO FINISH," PAGE 784.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

POOR OLD DANCER.

The two ladies in St. Leonard's Place were a little at cross-purposes that night. Mrs. Rockingham was absorbed in the idea of receiving the bride of her son's election to-morrow morning, while Ellen, it need scarcely be said, with a lover of her own to say yea or nay to, could hardly be expected to keep a proposed sister-in-law in mind.

"It will be a terrible thing if we don't like her," murmured Mrs. Rockingham at length.

"I wonder what Gerald will say to it," responded Ellen, who had just awoke to the fact that her brother was head of the family, and that it behooved her to acquaint him at once with her engagement.

"Yes, it will be very awkward," rejoined Mrs. Rockingham. "He is so masterful and hot-tempered, and yet if we don't like her it's absurd to pretend we do."

The termination of this last remark recalled Ellen from her dream-land just as she was about indignantly to protest against Mr. Thorndyke being called hot-tempered.

"Don't worry yourself about it beforehand, mamma. We are bound to accept this girl for Gerald's sake, if he insists on marrying her. In the mean time, remember, I have seen Miss Greyson, and can assure you she is quite presentable, and rather pretty. Some people, I dare say, would admire her a good deal."

John Thorndyke was right: if Ellen loved him there was likely to be very little differing between them. The suddenness with which she had changed sides, and adopted his view with regard to Gerald's marriage, promised well for the answer she should give him to-morrow.

Mrs. and Miss Rockingham were not women to do things by halves, and when Gerald and his *fiancée* arrived the next morning in St. Leonard's Place, they welcomed the latter with great cordiality. Dollie had come prepared, if she could, to make friends with Mrs. Rockingham, and to maintain a polite neutrality with Ellen; but the latter had completely disarmed her by the warmth of her greeting. She seized the earliest opportunity of drawing Dollie a little apart, and then said:

"I want you to let by-gones be by-gones. You must forgive me if, in the first instance, I did not like the idea of having you for a sister-in-law. You must make allowances for the bitterness of having lost our old home, the home of our race for the last two hundred years and more. You must remember that the Rockinghams of Cranley were wont in their pride to think themselves mates for any in the land, and that a woman's first idea would be that Gerald should restore the fortunes of his house by marriage; and lastly, bear in mind, no sister ever thought any one good enough for an only brother."

All this said in Ellen's most winning tones was quite enough to break down the reserve in which Dollie had intrenched herself.

"Of course you didn't like it," she replied, shyly; "I always told him you wouldn't. But then, you see, I love him."

"Yes, and you must recollect, Dollie—I may call you so, may I not?—that I did not know in those days all you had done for him. It was you put him in the way of earning his own living—not quite the one we should have chosen, perhaps; but he is such a success, no Yorkshire girl who belonged to him could help being proud of him."

"Yes, Miss Rockingham," cried the girl, as her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with triumph, "he won the Two Thousand on the wickedest colt we ever had at Riddleton."

"He always could ride," replied Ellen, "and I am told that you are as good as he in the hunting field."

Neither Gerald nor Miss Greyson made the slightest allusion to his novitiate. It was not that he cared much about its being known. It was all past and gone now, but he thought it would pain his mother and sister to learn that he had passed some little time as a stable-boy. At present they never questioned but what he had been requested as a particular favor to ride in the Two Thousand Guineas in consequence of his prowess with the York and Ainstey, and then, at Dollie's suggestion, had adopted it as a profession. After a short talk with Gerald, Mrs. Rockingham, who has been agreeably surprised at the appearance of her future daughter-in-law, comes across to improve her acquaintance with Dollie, and thereby occasions a change of partners.

"Well, Nell," said Gerald, as his sister took a chair beside him, "I hope you will get on with my wife."

"I think so," replied Ellen; "at all events, we have one point in common, to wit, our love for your precious self. But, Gerald, how long are you going to stay with us?"

"I must leave this afternoon. I have some business at Riddleton I want to see old Greyson about, and then I must hurry back to Newmarket. I had great trouble to snatch these two days as it was. I should soon lose my business if I didn't attend to it, and you know it is the height of the racing season."

"I have something to tell you before you go," said Miss Rockingham, speaking slowly. "Yesterday, after you left, Mr. Thorndyke asked me to marry him. I asked for a few hours to think over my answer, and this morning I wrote to say I would."

"And now you come to me as head of the family, Nell, to ask my consent," exclaimed Gerald, laughing. "My dear sister, you have my heartiest congratulations. Thorndyke seems, from the little I have seen of him, a right good sort, and, at all events, he won't be ashamed of his brother-in-law, Jim Forrest."

"Ah, Gerald," replied Ellen, as she yielded both her hands to his brotherly clasp, "you must make allowances for my old-fashioned prejudices. If I have overcome in some measure the creed in which I was brought up, it is due to Mr. Thorndyke's teaching."

"Ah, you've learned at last that the world can get on without Rockinghams. Yes, it's a sad thing to say in these days of high education, but I owe my present comfortable position and income not to Harrow and Cambridge, but to the accident of being of small stature, and to the teaching of old Western, the stud-groom at Cranley. By-the-way, I suppose you know the old place is to be sold in September?"

"No; of course I knew it must be, but had not heard when it was to take place. It really makes no difference, and yet somehow, Gerald, it will seem a wrench. You have no idea, I suppose, who will buy it?"

"No; we have failed to find a purchaser for it. To be disposed of by public auction is its fate now."

"You will be up here for the races this time, I suppose?" said Ellen, inquiringly.

"Yes. I made the mistake last year of being ashamed of my trade. I shall not fall into it again. As luck would have it, no harm was done; but it is much too risky an experiment to repeat. Besides, my *incognito* is at an end."

"Yes; and, Gerald dear, I'll own to very mixed feelings about it. I am half proud, half ashamed, and mamma is much the same—proud of your skill in the saddle, but a little sore that a Rockingham should be riding for hire."

"Nonsense, Nell; one might as well be a jockey as a cab proprietor, and two or three of the nobility are in that line. But it's time I was going. Good-by; good-by, mother. You'll come to the station and see me off, Dollie?"

Gerald was rather silent on his way to the station. He was turning over in his mind two rather important suggestions that had been made to him during his present flying visit to York. One was that of Mr. Writson, namely, that he should endeavor to get Lord Whitby to exercise some pressure on Cuthbert Elliston with regard to those promissory notes. That the consensus of public opinion was more likely to bring a man situated like Elliston to terms than legal measures the old lawyer knew well, to say nothing of there being no legal measures possible in this case. Gerald knew he could depend upon Writson's opinion, and though his distaste for invoking foreign aid in his family affairs was such that had it only concerned himself he would have undoubtedly let the whole matter go, still he recognized that it behooved him to recover as much of the money as he could for his mother and sister. Secondly, there was Dollie's idea that a big race might be got out of the Dancer, and it was to sound Bill Greyson on that point that he was now going to Riddleton.

"Good-by, dearest," he said, as the train glided into the station. "You will see me again in a few weeks, for I mean to gratify your curiosity and ride at York this time."

"Mind you do, and win," replied Dollie, with a bright little nod of adieu. "Give father and mother my love, and don't forget to write."

Gerald was a little nonplussed on arriving at the Moor Farm with his reception. The trainer seemed very pleased to see him, but welcomed him hat in hand, and as "Mr. Rockingham."

"Very glad indeed to see you, sir. The late Squire was a liberal master to me at one time, and it was not altogether my fault that he took his horses away from Riddleton. But what will you do, Mr. Rockingham? Will you walk through the stables first, and then have some lunch, or will you have something to eat at once?"

"Thanks, Greyson. I am very much pressed for time, so if you will let me, I'll have something to eat first, and I can talk to you at the same time. Dollie tells me you have got the Dancer back upon your hands."

"Yes; Sir Marmaduke got such a sickener over the Hunt Cup that he sent the horse back the following week," replied the trainer, sententiously. "It was enough to make him; but you rode in the race, sir, and know all about it."

"Yes, and I did think it was going to be his day. I thought Blackton had us all safe, when the Dancer suddenly shut up, without rhyme or reason."

"Yes; he'll never get a better chance, and it's hopeless to train him. He's been a good horse to me, but I don't think any one else will ever get a turn out of him."

"What do you mean to do with him?" inquired Gerald.

"Sell him the very first opportunity, and with a view to that I shall enter him for the two big back end handicaps. After his exhibition at Ascot he is safe to be thrown in, and he may catch somebody's fancy who wants to go for a big stake without very much risk. As I said before, he's been a good horse to me, but *I* don't trust him again."

Curious—"a big stake without very much risk." Was this not the very chance Gerald was seeking, and two very good judges had foreseen that the Dancing Master was a possible medium through which that desirable consummation might be achieved. Sir Marmaduke, in the first instance, had hit off what Gerald began to believe was the necessary combination when he had leased the horse with a view to winning the Leger; to wit, that the Dancing Master would run honest in his, Gerald's, hands, and no one else's. Now Greyson saw a great opportunity in either the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire; but, strange to say, that it was essential Gerald should ride did not seem to have occurred to the astute trainer. But the idea was rapidly spreading through Gerald's mind that this might really be so, and that in his hands the horse might once more do his best, and carry off another big race.

"There are worse speculations about than that," he said at length, "and it won't signify however light the weight they put upon him. He has got such a name as a bad-tempered coward, that nothing but an enormous outlay of money will ever make him a strong favorite. The public have lost faith in him."

"And so has the owner and trainer," said Greyson, laughing. "Would you like to see him, sir?"

"Yes, by all means. I wonder whether he'll remember me?"

"I'll pound it he will. They've wonderful memories, have horses, and strongish likes and dislikes. I'd a line from Pipes," continued the trainer, as he led the way toward the stables to the left of the house, "when he sent the Dancer back. 'Put up who you like on him,' he wrote, 'but never Blackton; the horse can't bear him, and has tried to savage him more than once. If Sir Marmaduke would give him another chance, I should advise another jockey.'"

As Greyson opened the door of his box the Dancing Master turned his head, cast a sinister glance at the new-comers as though recommending them to keep themselves to themselves as far as he was concerned, and then resumed some apparently elaborate researches in his manger. The horse certainly took no notice of Gerald, but no sooner did it hear his whisper of "Poor old Dancer!" than it turned its head sharply with a short grunt of satisfaction, and unmistakably gazed wistfully toward the corner from which the voice had come.

"Go up to him, sir; only be careful," said the trainer.

Gerald walked boldly up to the horse's head, once more whispering "Poor old Dancer!" as he did so. The gray laid back his ears viciously as he approached, but upon hearing his voice the second time apparently changed his mind, and rubbed his black muzzle against his visitor's waistcoat when he reached his shoulder.

"Well, sir," said the trainer, no little astonished, "I never saw him do that before to any one. Did he ever to you when you looked after him?"

"Yes, but only now and then. Still, he always seemed to take notice when I talked to him; though," added Gerald, laughing, "he didn't take much heed of what I said. He looks well."

"He's always well," returned Greyson; "never been sick nor sorry yet. I wish some of the others had his constitution. Now here's Caterham," he exclaimed, as he threw open the door of an adjoining box, "a clipper, but as delicate a horse as ever I trained. We couldn't make anything of him last autumn; but he's wonderfully well now, and should do your cousin, Mr. Elliston, a rare turn whenever his time comes."

"Which will be about October, I suppose?" said Gerald.

"I can't say, sir. Mr. Elliston is not communicative, nor are his orders open secrets even when I get them."

Gerald took the hint, and asked no further questions. He strolled carelessly through the stables, and honestly complimented the trainer upon the blooming condition of more than one of his charges. As they walked back to the house he said, carelessly, "I suppose you'll keep the Dancer in strong work?"

"I shall train him so that he can be easily wound up for either Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, if any one wants to buy him with a view to those handicaps; but as my horse he'll start for neither."

"Well, Greyson, thanks very much. The nags, take 'em all round, look wonderfully well; and now I must be off. I shall hardly catch the train as it is."

"Oh yes, you will, sir. My trap's at the door, and you've a good five minutes in hand."

"Good-by. Kind regards to Mrs. Greyson, and say how sorry I am to have missed her," said Gerald, as he leaped into the dog-cart.

CHAPTER XL.

CRANLEY GOES TO THE HAMMER.

The weeks slipped by since Gerald's return to Newmarket, and as yet he had had no opportunity of unburdening himself to Lord Whitby, and ascertaining whether the peer would exercise such social pressure as lay at his command to compel Cuthbert Elliston to restore some of the money which he had borrowed from Alister Rockingham. Lord Whitby, indeed, had only attended one race meeting of late, and that was Goodwood, where Gerald had no opportunity of speaking to him in private. York races had come round again, and Lord Whitby had announced his intention of being there to see his horses run, and then, perhaps, Gerald might find the desired opportunity. The peer was in rare good humor; the year had been a procession of triumphs so far. The Great Yorkshire Stakes and sundry other valuable prizes at Doncaster and Newmarket were apparently at his mercy, and he bid fair to be returned at the head of the poll when the return of the principal winners of the season should be issued. York race week, too, was to see the irrevocable sale of Cranley, and Gerald reflected ruefully that though he had thought his *coup* out, and was quite determined to play for it, yet, if it came off, it would be too late to save "The Chase." He had resolved, if he could, to try and win the Cambridgeshire with the Dancing Master, arguing that no weight there was any probability of his being allotted could prevent him if only the horse chose to do his best. Still, this experiment could not be tried till the end of October, and the lands of the Rockinghams were to come to the hammer in August. Gerald could see no possibility of saving the home of his ancestors. Men to advance money on the possibility of a big race coming off in one's favor are not to be met with; and that was about the sum total of security that Gerald could proffer for such a sum as would enable him to redeem Cranley Chase.

What Greyson might want for the Dancing Master was a thing that Gerald had never troubled himself to consider. It was no part of his scheme to buy the horse; he considered that such money as he could spare he should want for betting purposes, and that he would be able to induce the trainer to run him in consideration of being put on to win a comfortable stake. Gerald's idea was to back the horse very quietly and gradually as soon as betting began about the Cambridgeshire, but not to disclose his plan to Greyson until he had got the best part of the sum he meant to speculate with duly invested. The one flaw in his scheme was this: there was always the possibility of some one buying the Dancing Master on the same speculation, and not caring particularly about "Jim Forrest's" riding for him, and it was quite part of Gerald's belief that nobody but himself could induce the horse to do his best. He was young, and who shall blame him if his head was just a little turned by success? Besides, had not his late employer, Sir Marmaduke, taken the same view of the case, and was not Sir Marmaduke accounted exceedingly wise among the younger generation of turfites?

Gerald went up to York, as in duty bound, with slightly mingled feelings. He had schooled himself to drop all false pride about his profession by this, but he did feel seriously anxious to acquit himself with distinction on what might be termed his own dunghill. Half the people on the Knavesmire, he was aware, would know that "Jim Forrest" was young Rockingham. Besides, would not the lady of his love be there to see, and it would never do to go down in the lists before all this goodly company. He was to ride, moreover, a red-hot favorite for the Yorkshire Stakes belonging to Lord Whitby, which the prophets declared to a man could not lose, and of the mendacious utterances of racing seers Gerald by this had seen something.

But Gerald was destined to hear a bit of news on his arrival at York that roused his ire not a little, and determined him to lose no time in bringing any pressure he could command to bear upon Cuthbert Elliston. He was having his dinner quietly in the coffee-room of Harker's Hotel, when his attention was attracted by hearing his own name mentioned by one of two individuals who were dining in the adjoining box.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "he was a rare sportsman was poor Squire Rockingham, and carried on the game merrily. He was a bold bettor, too, terrible bold, but the Ring outstaid him, as they always do when men dash it down as he did."

"Ah! all Cranley's to come to the hammer. There's a nice bit of grazing land. I mean to have it if it goes reasonable. Lot 34; here you are;" and the speaker evidently referred to a sale catalogue.

"I wonder who'll buy the Chase itself?" said the first speaker.

"Well, it's a bit of a secret, so you must not go gabbling it all about the city; but Lawyer Pearson always manages what law business I have. I consulted him about this bit of land I want to buy on Friday. Now I chance to have a nephew in the office, and I often have a chat with him, and we got talking over the big Cranley sale. He told me they had three or four commissions to buy at a price, and one, he said, from the family."

"Ah! that 'd be for the Chase. I'll be main glad if the Rockinghams can contrive to keep the Chase, and so 'll many another."

"Oh, but this chap isn't a Rockingham exactly. He's one of the family, no doubt, but one the country-side don't care much about. Yorkshire was no better for Cuthbert Elliston's winning the Leger, nor the poor Squire either, that ever I heard."

"No, I don't think folk will be much pleased at Mr. Elliston taking Alister Rockingham's place."

"No; he's a cross-bred 'un, that Elliston. In the days the poor Squire had winners half Yorkshire was in the swim; but Mr. Elliston and Pearson always eat their own cake, and don't want any one to help them."

Gerald drew his breath hard as he listened to the above. What! Cuthbert Elliston, his detested cousin, master of the Chase! Could Heaven look calmly down upon such iniquity? The man who had robbed his father sitting down in that much-loved home upon the proceeds of his frauds seemed to Gerald too monstrous. It mattered little who had the Chase, but any one rather than Cuthbert Elliston. Nothing would grate upon the feelings of him and his more than the idea of his cousin installed at the Chase. If he could prevent that, he would at any cost, but the question was, could he? He was in no position to bid against Cuthbert for its possession, and if his cousin could afford to buy it, who was to prevent him? He must see Writson to-morrow before the racing began; and even as the idea passed through his mind it was almost effaced by the rapid after-thought, what was the good of seeing Writson? Then he resolved to go to bed betimes, and see Lord Whitby the first thing next morning. If that nobleman chose to help him, he might, at all events, prevent Elliston buying the Chase.

True to his resolution, Gerald presented himself at the Black Swan the next morning, and sent up his name to Lord Whitby, with a request that he would see him for a few minutes. It rather annoyed Gerald to find that he attracted not a little attention among the servants and loungers, but he had made up his mind that must be. His story was, of course, public property now, and there were plenty of people in York who knew young Rockingham by sight, as well as many more who as race-goers were familiar with the features of Jim Forrest, the jockey. However, a few minutes, and a waiter requests him to step upstairs, and ushers him into a sitting-room, where he finds Lord Whitby lounging over the *débris* of his breakfast.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

"Sit down, Mr. Rockingham," said that nobleman, greeting him with that rather studied politeness which was one of his most marked attributes, until such time as circumstances stirred the tempest of his wrath, when his language was apt to be more forcible than polished. "I am afraid this sale must grate upon your feelings rather, but you have no doubt made up your mind to it as inevitable."

"Yes, my lord," replied Gerald, who never permitted himself to forget that he was speaking to his employer; "but I have heard a bit of news about it that has annoyed me much since I have been in York, and that is that my cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, contemplates buying my old home."

"I don't think the neighborhood will welcome him very cordially as the successor of Alister Rockingham," replied Lord Whitby, contemptuously. "Your cousin is neither popular nor in very good odor amongst the *gentlemen* on the turf. I don't think much of Mr. Elliston; in fact, sir, I consider him a d——d scoundrel," concluded the peer, who detested the man, and had been rather outspoken concerning some of his more questionable practices.

"You can't think worse of him, my lord, than I do," replied Gerald. "He had a principal share in my father's ruin. Since I have been a jockey I have heard the story of Phaeton's Leger. I hold at the present moment a sheaf of his bills which my poor father had to meet, representing several thousand pounds, and which he has the audacity to wish to compound for one, knowing how we have been left. I know, moreover, on more than one occasion, that his manœuvring with the horses almost compromised my father's honor. Greyson told me the other day that it was not altogether his fault that my father left him. Not altogether, no; it was because he was weak enough to follow Cuthbert Elliston's orders."

"You're right, Rockingham, by Heaven! you are," exclaimed the peer, passionately. "That's the whole story of your father's death and ruin, for it was the utter smash that broke his heart at last. No; sooner than that d——d black-hearted thief should step into his shoes, I'll buy the Chase myself. I don't want it, but," and here the speaker launched a mighty torrent of execrations which culminated in the peroration that "a white-livered skunk should never have it."

But at last the choleric nobleman calmed down, and made Gerald tell him all about the bills and Cuthbert Elliston's conduct concerning them; even the bitter advice Elliston had tendered just after Alister Rockingham's funeral, Lord Whitby managed to draw from the young fellow.

"Did he know who you were when you rode his horse in the Two Thousand last year?"

"No; but of course he recognized me as soon as I had won, and immediately gave orders that I was to be sent away from Riddleton. That is the sole guerdon I received at his hands for my success."

"Ah, I fancy he didn't profit much by it, and that probably he would have been just as well pleased if you hadn't won."

"At all events he's repented once of his advice; when I beat him on Sir Marmaduke's horse for the Goodwood Stakes last year, I know it was a costly race for him."

"Well, Rockingham, I'll do the best I can for you; but rest assured of one thing, Cuthbert Elliston shall never reign at Cranley. Just write me down your solicitor's address."

Gerald did so, and then thanked his lordship, and departed gayly. It was the presage of a most successful week. He not only brought off the Great Yorkshire Stakes successfully for his employer, but never rode more brilliantly, and carried off some four or five minor stakes to boot. In one instance his triumph was notably due to his fine horsemanship.

But if it was a successful week for Gerald, it was a most disastrous one for Elliston. Riddleton rather laid itself out for handicaps, and had certainly flattered itself that some two or three of these races lay at its mercy when it saw the weights allotted to its representatives. But the stable was dead out of luck, and failed upon each occasion to achieve the expected victory. Even the cautious Sam Pearson looked glum as he saw the accumulation of figures on the debit scale of his betting-book, while as for Elliston, who had looked forward to his week's winnings to materially assist him toward the purchase of the Chase, he could not control his ill-humor, which a communication from Pearson did not tend to mitigate.

Whether under the circumstances Elliston would have persisted in his mad design is open to question, but a visit Mr. Writson paid Pearson on the Wednesday morning effectually settled Mr. Elliston's pretensions in the matter. Writson said he was instructed by Lord Whitby to let Mr. Elliston know through his solicitor that as an old friend of Alister Rockingham's he intended to exercise all the social pressure he could bring to bear to wring from Elliston the sum he was still in honor indebted to the Rockingham family. "Further," continued Pearson, "I was clearly given to understand that if you attempted to bid for the Chase the story would be widely spread through York that you were buying the house with the money the Squire had lent you, and that, moreover, you would have to encounter a pretty stiff opposition to boot."

"That means that old Whitby will bid against me, I suppose," interrupted Elliston, roughly. "It's useless to measure purses with him, or else it's little I care for his threats in the other direction."

But Cuthbert Elliston knew that he lied when he said this, and so did his chum and partner, Pearson. Elliston's reputation was too shady to risk a row with such a relentless and powerful opponent as Lord Whitby, and so it came to pass that when the Chase was brought to the hammer it pleased that wealthy and eccentric nobleman, in high good-humor with his York victories, to buy it, with no very clear idea of what he was to do with it after he had got it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

THE Third Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States was opened with impressive ceremonies in Baltimore on Sunday, November 9. There were present at the opening, according to the Catholic papers, thirteen archbishops, sixty bishops from the United States, five visiting bishops from Canada, one bishop from northern Japan, and besides these numerous abbots, superiors of religious orders, and theologians. The Archbishop of Baltimore presided as Apostolic Delegate, appointed by the Pope. This large gathering represents the great prosperity of the Roman Catholic Church in our country. Organized episcopally in Baltimore in 1784 under the supervision of Bishop JOHN CARROLL, this Church has made rapid advances, chiefly by means of the migration of Catholics from Europe. Even since the second Plenary Council, which was held in Baltimore, October, 1866, the progress of Roman Catholicism here has been great. That Council brought together seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three abbots, and over one hundred of the leaders of the hierarchy. In the intervening eighteen years the number of bishops and archbishops has nearly doubled. This increase, however, does not represent a corresponding increase of American Catholic population, but it is evidence of the efforts making to perfect the organization of the hierarchy in the United States. There has been a like noteworthy development in this country of Protestant bodies, especially of the Lutherans, Baptists, and Methodists. From thirty-five thousand communicants in 1820, the Lutherans have risen to one million communicants. According to a Lutheran authority, "the number of Lutheran ministers has doubled every ten years, and that of members every fourteen years, since 1820; the increase by immigration is at present five hundred a day." The Baptists have risen from small beginnings in the last century to two million communicants, and the Methodists from fifteen thousand members in 1784 to three millions in 1884. The astonishing fact in all this history is the extraordinary growth of the country.

The objects of the Plenary Council can, in the nature of the case, be only partially disclosed, inasmuch as its resolutions must obtain papal sanction in order to be reckoned valid. Virtually the decisions of the Council are but recommendations until they are approved at Rome. Care, however, has been taken to explain that its purposes concern only the internal affairs of the Church, its order and its discipline. Very appropriately the bishops appointed to preach the opening sermons have taken occasion to give their impressions of the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Archbishop RYAN thus expresses himself: "I believe that she [the Church] never had a grander mission in all her history than she has to-day to the noble, generous, and fair-minded American people. . . . We have grounds of hope that she will be a great conservative power in this young and promising republic, and that the Council that here represents her comes most opportunely in the order of God's providence to sustain it." Bishop IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minnesota, presents the Church as the champion of civil liberty. As this is a new *rôle* for Rome, it may be well to cite his words: "I lose all patience when I hear prejudice still surviving to the extent to assert that the Catholic Church is not the friend of free institutions. Could her teachings be more explicit? Has her history belied these teachings? The soul, the life of a republic is an intense love of civil liberty. Has not the Church ever labored to create and strengthen this love?" And again: "Her work for liberty, for civilization, for progress, was culminating in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism appeared on the horizon, and the credit of a long and tedious work of ages has been awarded to the new religion. Protestantism did nothing for liberty. It introduced into the world no new principle that favored liberty."

These are strong words. We concede, however, all sincerity to Bishop IRELAND when he professes devotion to the American republic; we make no question of the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. But the question raised by these two prelates is a question of principles and of the facts of history. Appearing as the apologists for their Church, and wishing as far as possible to conciliate the American people, they claim for it what the facts of history positively deny. The sermons of these two bishops are strange reading when placed alongside of the Papal Syllabus of 1864. Civil liberty consists in the concession to every man of the right to embrace whatever religion he shall believe to be true. Article XV. of the Syllabus denies this right, and asserts virtually that every man must embrace the Roman Catholic faith. Civil liberty consists in the autonomy of the state. Article XXIV. of the Syllabus claims for the Church the use of external force, and of both a direct and indirect temporal power. Civil liberty consists in the supremacy of the state within its own sphere. Article XLII. of the Syllabus asserts the supremacy of ecclesiastical over civil law. Civil liberty consists in the right of the state to separate itself from the Church. Article LV. of the Syllabus declares that the Church—meaning thereby the Roman Catholic—should not be separated from the state, or, in other words, the government of the United States ought to profess and maintain the Roman Catholic religion, which is to say, ought to be under the direction of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The denial by Bishop IRELAND of all connection between Protestantism and civil liberty is, to put the matter mildly, a piece of extravagance. He can hardly expect Americans to accept such an astounding statement. The liberty which the Roman Catholic Church enjoys in the United States is the product of Protestantism—a liberty which the Church never conceded when possessed of political power. At the time of the Reformation the Church was crushing liberty, and but for the intervention of the reformers would have held the world in bondage until this day. LUTHER spoke the truth when he said that but for the revival of which he was the leader religion would have become extinct in Germany. Under the inspiration of New Testament Christianity Europe rose to a new life, which has recreated literature and reorganized political society. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into controversy on these points. The most superficial acquaintance with modern history is sufficient for the refutation of these episcopal perversions of plain matters of fact. But they are worth noticing, if only to show that in the pomp and ceremonial of the Plenary Council, the processions of mitred bishops and abbots, the music and the incense, we have the same unchangeable Church of Rome whose one claim is that all society, political and religious, shall lie prostrate at her feet.

We are indebted to Mr. DANIEL BENDANN, of Baltimore, for an early copy of his superb photograph of the Council in session, from which our group on page 782 has been arranged. The original presents the entire *personnel* of the Council, and will be a very interesting memento of this important gathering of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A new Literary Scheme.—Panaceas for long Life.—A bold Preacher.—Providence and Hops.—A long Chancery Suit.—Froude's Carlyle.—Feudal Sentiment in Scotland.

I HAVE received a marvellous catalogue of manuscripts from a new literary society. It is prefaced by a long list of "authors" of whom the world has not as yet heard, but who seem very willing to bring themselves under its notice. The amount which the society is authorized to charge for their lucubrations is, to say the least of it, very reasonable. As regards the novelists, "proof slips of three-volume novels from talented authors are offered at the rate of sixpence a column." Even this opportunity for a literary bargain is outdone by some candidates for fame. "Our society is authorized to offer numerous manuscripts without payment, on behalf of talented members desiring a first appearance in print." No less than eleven ladies of title are among the clients of this extraordinary institution.

The last new panacea but one for long life and health is abstinence from drink—not only from alcoholic drinks, but from liquids of all kinds. Dr. Williams in his recent autobiography went to the length of describing this as a good cure for colds, but it is now insisted upon as a cure for everything. When the public mind has digested this fact, it will no doubt become ripe for the discovery that we should all do better without food; but in the mean time *the very last* panacea is flannel—not only flannel shirts and flannel drawers, but flannel sheets. If we would only swathe ourselves in this commodity, rheumatism, we are gravely assured, would be a thing unknown, and longevity would be the rule instead of the exception.

These infallible remedies have been always recommended to the British public when Parliament is not sitting. Years ago I remember whole columns of advertisements headed "Salt, salt, salt." We were told that salt was the sole cause of all the good in the world (or all the evil, I forget which); and a very pretty sum must have been expended in giving publicity to the theory. The truth is, as all the great medicine-men will tell you in their hours of conviviality and confidence, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and that general rules about anything are nonsensical. It is notorious that a very ancient but still surviving judge attributes his extreme longevity to never having exposed himself unnecessarily to the open air, or swallowed anything that had not been previously warmed. The late Canon Bradon, if we may trust to a writer in the *Times*, credited his exceptional good health to "never thinking of anything unpleasant after four o'clock in the day"—a truly admirable piece of advice, if one could only follow it. It is not, however, so difficult a feat as it appears to be at first sight. The mind can be made almost as subject to discipline as the body; and I know men of business, and engaged in great and even perilous speculations, who have trained themselves to leave such matters behind them in the City every evening as completely as their office fixtures.

The greatest of human preachers used to pride himself upon his "boldness" when engaged upon his ministerial avocations, but in these modern days he has found a rival in moral courage. A preacher who, if not so great, is almost as well known in religious circles, remarked in his pulpit last week, while discoursing upon social matters, that he "knew as little of the aristocracy as he did of the angels." The metaphor is complimentary to the class alluded to, but humiliating indeed as regards the speaker. If Thackeray were alive and in power he would at once have made this man a bishop; but he has heroism enough for a field-marshal. Many of his fellow-countrymen, it is too probable, must be in his own benighted condition; but that he should have the hardihood to confess it, and in the pulpit, is amazing indeed. A very different view of the advantages of aristocratic connection seems to be entertained by the new candidate for the Lovat peerage, whose claim to that enviable distinction rests, upon his own showing, on some far-back ancestor of his having fled into Wales from Scotland after killing a fiddler at a ball. I have no slavish respect for my distant progenitors, but I think that if one of them had distinguished himself in this peculiar manner I should not go to any great expense to prove it, even to obtain a title.

A short time ago a Kentish clergyman drew attention to the ill effects upon the hop crop produced by the absence from church of certain farmers in his parish. It is pleasant to learn from another divine in Somersetshire that the wheat crop, after ten years of failure, has turned out a success, thanks to a cause apparently as indirect, namely, the action of the government. He does not, indeed, affirm that this is the actual result of the suspension of the Public Worship Regulation Act, but he "wishes to draw attention to the fact that this is the first year of ten in which there has been a lull in the persecutions of a holy priesthood, and that Providence has smiled upon us."

In Paris, again, we learn from the clerical papers that the Reign of Terror and the worst days of 1797 have been revived, because, during some alterations in the Church of St. Nicolas, some naughty boys washed their hands in the holy water. It is curious how the inhabitants of Little Pedlington still continue in their belief that Little Pedlington is the world.

In a once famous but now long-forgotten comic journal there was published a ballad entitled "The Stutterers' Guide to the Zoological Gardens," in which occur these words:

> "But observe 'tis forbidden to pup-pup-poke
> The bub-bub-bear with your pup-pup-pink parasol."

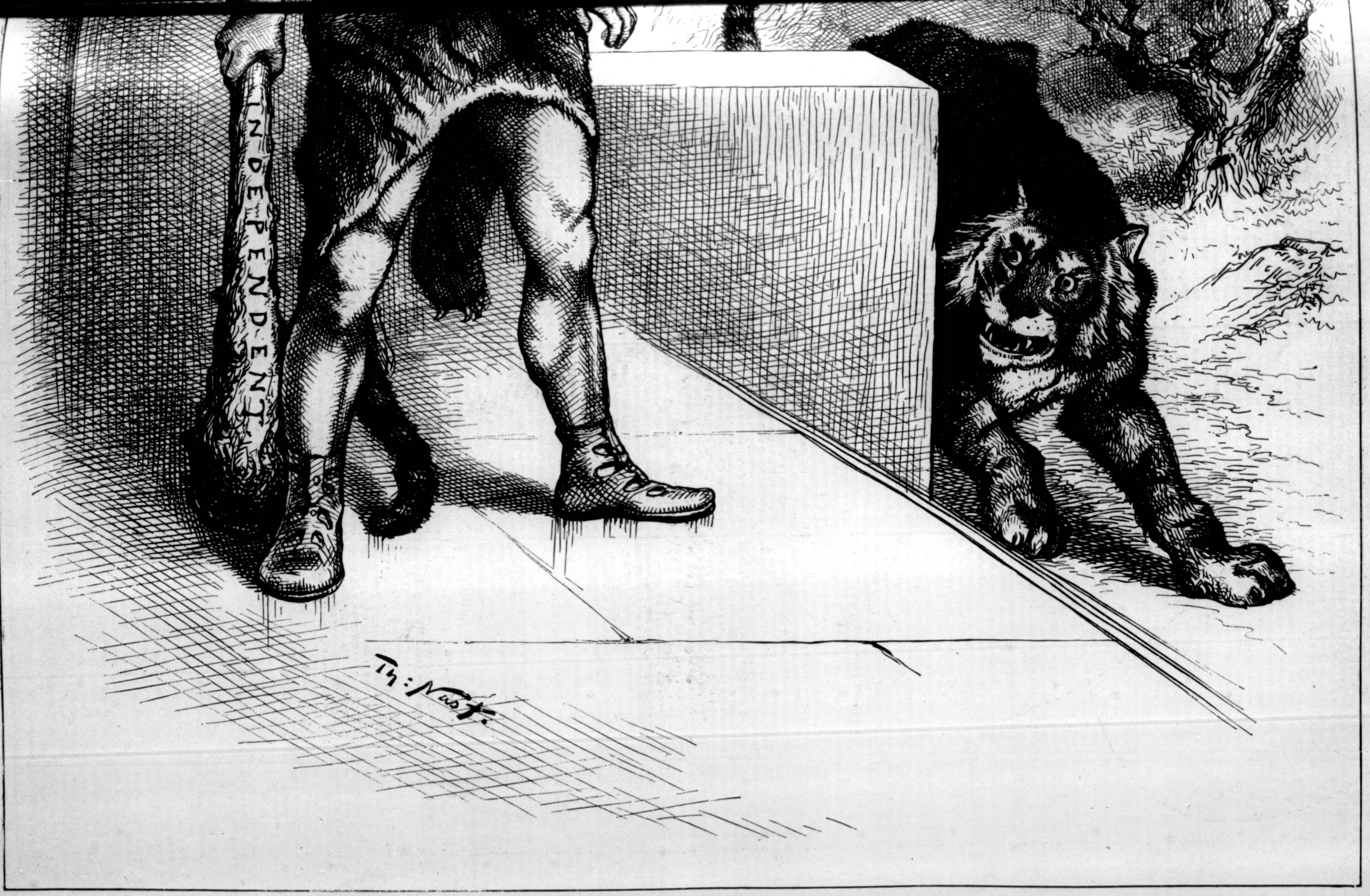
This is just what a foolish, brutal Englishman has been doing in the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* in Paris, only, instead of a bear, he selected for persecution with the point of his umbrella that rarest of rare birds, the *horphang*, or Iceland owl. This inhuman treatment killed the poor horphang, and his murderer has been very properly heavily fined for it: it would have served him right if he had been whipped as well.

Our Court of Chancery has long had the credit of being the most procrastinating engine of justice in the world; like the mill of Providence, as Longfellow describes it, it grinds so slow and so "exceeding small" that the property is seldom seen again which has once got caught by its devouring wheels. This reputation, however, has, it seems, been obtained on false pretenses. The Supreme Court of Brunswick is even more dilatory in its proceedings. It has just given final judgment in a suit which was begun in 1804. None of the original parties to the suit were present during the final proceedings.

The delight with which the Conservative public hailed the opinion of Mr. Thomas Carlyle upon Gladstone, as gathered from the reviews, has been slightly dashed, upon a more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Froude's volumes. The dyspeptic philosopher appears, after all, to have distributed his rancor pretty equally between the two leaders of our great political parties. Disraeli, he says, was a humbug, and knew it, whereas Gladstone, though as great a humbug, had such a power of believing what he wished to believe that he didn't know it. There is not much to choose between these eulogies. It is recorded of the author of *The Season, a Satire*, that having expressed himself to the effect that the Conservatives were Fools, and the Liberals Rogues, one of his audience observed, quietly, "You yourself, Mr. Austin, are a Liberal-Conservative, are you not?" Similarly, I do not think Mr. Carlyle gets much change out of his currency of invective beyond getting himself regarded as a cynic and something worse. It was fondly hoped from some servile utterances in (I think) the preface to *Shooting Niagara and After*, that he would be found to be upon the side of the Lords in the present contest. But what he has to say of them is as contemptuous as about everything else, with a rider to the effect that if he can read the signs of the times aright, the people are getting impatient, and will soon get rid of them. The fact is, Mr. Froude's biography is a two-edged sword which smites equally on both sides, and has a handle that defiles the user.

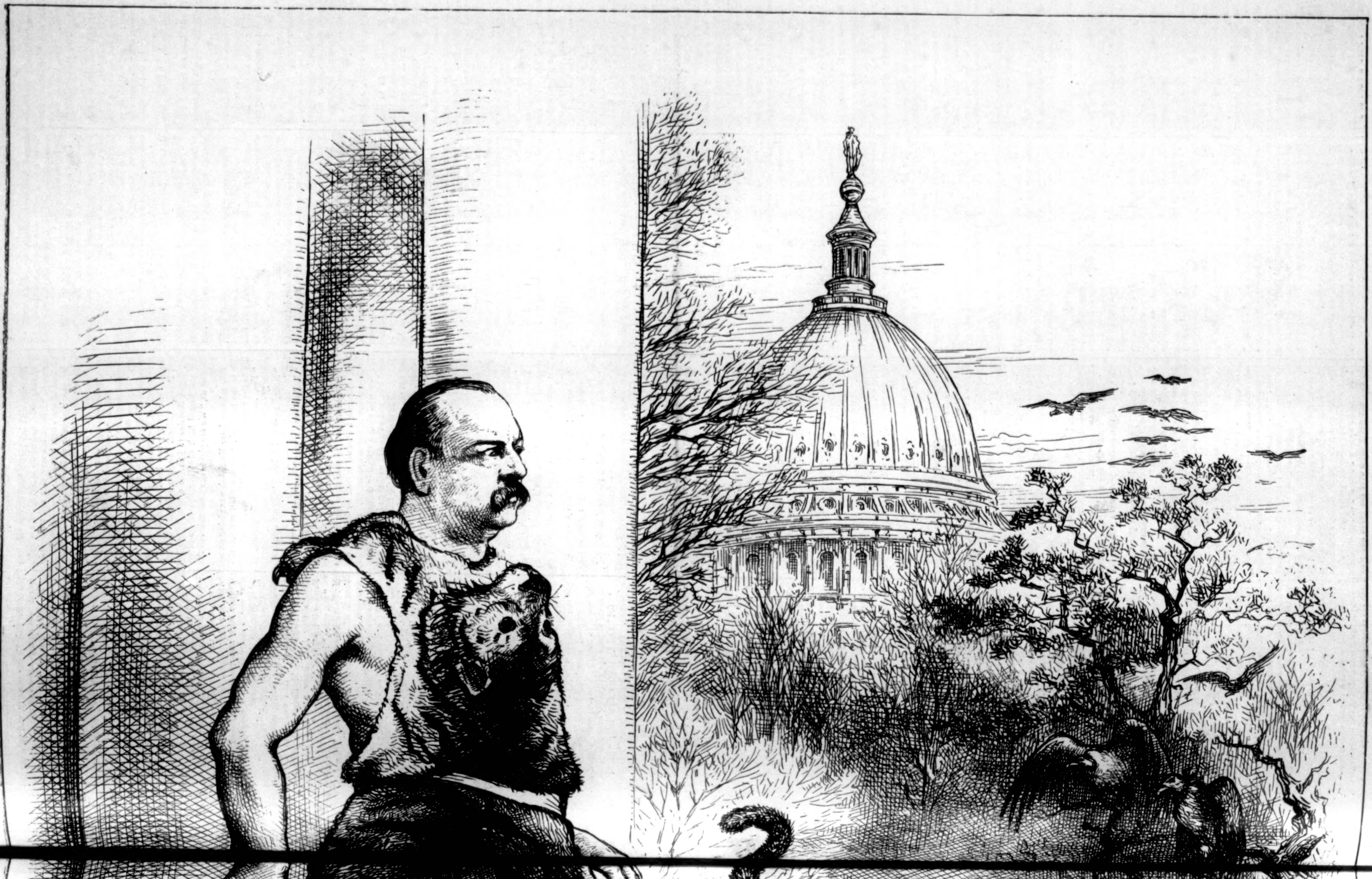
The voluminous A. K. H. B. has lately given us to understand that the excessive deference paid by Scotchmen to the chief of their clan has nothing to do with snobbishness displayed by Englishmen toward persons of title. The feudal feeling, he says, is altogether of a higher and more enduring kind. This may or may not be, but one can not forget that Lever, who was supposed to know his countrymen at least as well as A. K. H. B. knows his, maintained the same thing (in his *Knight of Gwynne*, for example) with respect to the Irish. And where is feudal feeling to be found in Ireland now? It is apparently a sentiment which, however powerful it may appear to be, does not stand much stress or strain. In Tipperary I read that one hundred and eighty farmers have just signed an agreement to poison all their lands in order to put a stop to hunting! The meanness and cruelty of this proceeding is only a little above the cattle maiming and murders of their inferiors, the "finest pisantry" in the world. It is no wonder that to the natural man it would seem amazing that any statesman should wish to give to such creatures as these votes.

R. KEMBLE, of London.



BEWARE! FOR HE IS VERY HUNGRY AND VERY THIRSTY.

"Ability and zeal in the service will be the measures of usefulness. The rules of the Civil Service Commission will govern all minor appointments."—Grover Cleveland.



[*Continued from front page.*]

THE SHEIK'S CURSE.

mouthed and awe-struck. The Greek merchant, half frozen with terror, spoke through white lips:

"O Frank, Kalfa say you haf the evil-eye. His dagger was treasure in his family. He haf given it for gold. He pray Allah curse you with fever, hunger, and leprosy; he pray Allah curse you with fire, and with water, and with death; he pray Allah you body be spit upon, and be eaten of the dogs; he pray Allah—"

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Spink. "What nonsense! Come along, Teddy."

"Wasn't it awful?" said I, as we turned into one of the bright new streets, and left the shady arcades behind.

"'Gyptian fools!" muttered Mr. Spink. "Don't know what they say; don't want to. Handsome dagger." And he put the weapon in his pocket.

"How about the fez?" I asked, knowing that my father had given Mr. Spink money for my expenses.

"Cost too much," he drawled, cutting off, as was his habit, all superfluous words. "Need one as much as you do. Bought this cap in Norway." He wiped his forehead under the clumsiest sort of fur-trimmed head-gear, and wound up with, "Won't—be—swindled." Presently he stepped into a French confectioner's, threw down a whole sovereign, and handed me five pounds of expensive sweets. "Here, eat candy, and be quiet."

I hardly understood Mr. Spink. As to that, nobody ever did, could, or will understand him; and thereby hangs this tale. I give my word of honor that Amos L. Spink is no invention of the story-teller. I met him in the way that I describe; he travelled as I describe; he married at last as I shall relate. I have never seen anybody in the least like him, nor have you. One might call him a fool, but he had purposes, and achieved them with great determination, and he knew no such word as fear.

A week before we came to Cairo I had been a sort of postscript to my father's epithalamium. To be plainer, my father having met at home in New York a charming widow from Boston, chased her to Rome, and there married her. The new mamma being good-natured, I was affectionately tugged along through ruins and cathedrals and picture-galleries in the wake of the bridal pair. It was in a room of the Uffizi, at Florence, that we first came upon Mr. Spink. He wore a shabby gray travelling suit; his Norwegian cap lay at his side; he was sitting, and idly clicking the blades of a small pocket-knife. He was then about thirty-five years old, of medium height, and slender. He had respectable features, pale, scant, light brown hair and beard, and pale eyes too. His skin was yellow from constant exposure to changes of climate. He spoke in a low voice, slowly and with a slight nasal drawl, and he was far from the loud, sprawling, obtrusive Yankee of the funny story-books. He was not grotesque, although something unseasonable or incongruous in his dress, together with his far-away look and imperturbable manner, made him observed. He rarely looked at anybody, rarely changed countenance, hated talking, always paused before giving an answer, and always cut his sentences short.

"Why," exclaimed my mother, "there's my cousin Amos Spink! How do you do, Amos?" and she presented her husband.

"How d'ye do?" Amos responded, rising slowly, then falling back in his seat again.

"Isn't the Uffizi magnificent?" remarked my father, by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," chimed in the bride. "You've been travelling so long you must be a great judge of the old masters. Isn't Raphael's 'Holy Family' superb?"

Mr. Spink, opening and shutting his pocket-knife with little clicks, nodded toward the picture-covered wall before him, and said, in a dreamy, weary, disgusted way: "Old masters—Holy Families! Humph!" Nodding again toward the art treasures on the right, he ejaculated, "Holy Families!" Repeating the action to the left, he said once more, with concentrated scorn, "Holy—Families!" Then closing his knife, and rising as if to walk away, he added, in his peculiar slow speech, "I—wouldn't—give—three—copper—cents—for 'em."

My step-mother laughed in her musical fashion, and exclaimed: "Oh, you're as peculiar as ever, I see. And are you as fond as ever of Chawsquemunkie?"

"Only really nice place in the world," he drawled.

"And yet for fifteen years you've spent your life running about to other places."

"Nothing else to do—mills all have good managers," said Amos, as if making a perfectly sound argument.

"He's immensely rich," my mother whispered to my father, "and very queer." Then she asked, aloud, "Are you throwing your money about as usual, Amos?"

"Sometimes I buy things," he responded; and plunging a hand into his trousers pocket, he brought up, with plenty of dust and crumbs, a handful of unset gems, and poured them into a corner of his handkerchief.

"How lovely! But where did you buy your handkerchief?" asked my mother, pleasantly, taking up an end of the coarse cotton square which served that purpose.

"Been looking," answered Amos, "past six months for linen handkerchiefs at moderate price. All too dear. I make cotton do. Got a dozen like this for three francs."

"You must have learned a great many tongues in your wanderings," said my father, to change the subject.

"Been all over the world pretty much," responded Amos, "and don't know a word of any derned foreign language, and don't want to. Never take a guide or a courier anywhere. All rascals, especially the 'Gyptian dragoman. Start for Egypt to-morrow."

I was entirely in sympathy with Mr. Spink on the subject of the old masters. Having been dragged yawning through so many miles of galleries, any release would seem a blessing, and I blurted out, "How I'd like to go to Egypt!"

"Let him come with me," said Mr. Spink, but without glancing at me, nor had he up to that moment seemed conscious of my presence.

"Oh, we couldn't spare dear Teddy; could we, Edward?" faltered the new mother, appealing to my father.

"Pshaw!" he whispered, in return; "wouldn't tootsey-wootsey like to sit on its husband's knee without any great boy looking on to embarrass it?"

Whereupon "tootsey-wootsey" laughed shyly, and said, "Well, Amos is my second cousin, and though peculiar, he's perfectly moral, and he's enormously rich. His father left him ever so many flourishing mills in New England. Teddy would be perfectly safe with him."

To make a short matter still shorter, let me say that next morning—a day in early November—I was off with Mr. Spink for Naples, whence we were bound to Egypt.

My protector seldom looked at me, and seldom spoke; but much in awe of the amount of peregrination his lank person had accomplished, I felt honored in merely tagging along at his coat tails. The enthusiasm of youth filled up in a manner highly flattering to Mr. Spink those long blanks in existence when he sat before monuments of the ancient world, snapping the blades of his pocket-knife, or poking with his walking-stick at any little flecks upon the floor. I felt that his indifference argued a deep insight and comprehension, that he had weighed antiquity and found it wanting.

So much by way of explaining how little I knew of Mr. Spink, when on our return to our hotel in Cairo, after having received the sheik's malediction, I rashly bepraised the uncommon beauty of two young ladies. They were standing in the main doorway, and I cried out:

"Oh, what handsome girls! That little one with golden hair is the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"Tall one is Constance Isherwood, New York," said Mr. Spink; "short blonde is Beatrice Percy, English."

As we passed them the queenly dark-eyed beauty turned to her companion, and said, very distinctly:

"There's that Amos Spink. He's the greatest fool I ever met. I'm sure no woman would marry him."

"Hush!" said the other. "How cruel! Why, I think he's very quaint and original."

"Did you hear that, Mr. Spink?" I asked, angry at so deliberate an insult.

"Think I did. Please repeat the exact words, Teddy."

With a sense of importance I rehearsed Miss Isherwood's remarks.

"And what did Beatrice Percy say?" asked Mr. Spink.

"She said: 'How cruel! I think he's very quaint and original.' And oh, Mr. Spink, isn't she beautiful?"

"Believe she is," he answered. "She's always running about the world in her father's yacht. Old gentleman probably anchored at Alexandria. She's here with her brother, Captain Percy. There he is now," as a ruddy, handsome fellow gave Mr. Spink a hearty hail.

"How are you, Spink? My friends Lord Wyndham and Colonel Carnegie;" and he presented a lively young Englishman and a muscular Scotch cavalry officer with a keen glance and bristling eyebrows.

The young lord began promptly chaffing Mr. Spink. "So you are the traveller who hates travelling," was his first remark.

"Never come across a decent place," answered Spink.

"Ha! ha! Well, how's Paris for a place?" inquired my lord, determined to be amused.

"Don't like it," Spink answered.

"Perhaps ye like a picturesque country. Hev ye seen the Scoottish lakes?" inquired the colonel.

"In Maine we call such waters ponds, and sometimes puddles," drawled Mr. Spink.

"Ponds?—poddles? Maine? And wheer's that?" cried the colonel, his irascible brows beginning to work.

"Chawsquemunkie, in Maine," said Mr. Spink, in a low, dispassionate monotone, and poking the floor with his stick, "is the best place in the whole world."

"Ha! What?—Chaws—chaws—munkies?" shouted the colonel, angrily. "If the gentleman" (this with a sneer) "would kindly gie us a descreeption of this great city of Chaw—chaw—" He stopped, fairly choked by the terrible mouthful, and Captain Percy and Wyndham were quite overcome with laughing.

"Why, Spink," said Percy, when he could catch his breath, "if it's such a fine place, why do you leave this Chaw—chaw—what's-its-name?"

"Nothing to do there," answered Mr. Spink, dejectedly—"mills all have good managers;" whereat they all three began to roar.

Then somebody said, "Here come the ladies," and the golden-haired Beatrice came walking—no, came wafted—toward us. I'm sure she approached in some supernatural fairy fashion, for my heart gave a great leap under my little coat, and I could find no courage to look into her kind, lovely blue eyes.

"Trix," said her brother, the captain, "here's our Yankee friend Mr. Spink, and he is telling us about his native town, Chaw—chaw—what's-its-name;" and there was another outburst of mirth.

Beatrice, with her pretty head on one side like a coaxing child, looked up at Mr. Spink and said, sincerely, "I think it's very nice and amiable to be fond of one's own home."

Mr. Spink actually nodded, smiled, and looked at Beatrice in return, though he rarely looked at anybody, his gaze, if not directed to the horizon, being generally bent upon his knife or walking-stick. But Miss Isherwood, who stood by in her scornful magnificence, cut the scene short by saying, "Captain, do we visit Egypt to study the peculiarities of idiots?—come away." And the regal "swish" of her garments was followed down the corridor by her two bond-slaves, Wyndham and Percy. Colonel Carnegie, solemnly disgusted, urged Beatrice to join the others, but in going she looked back over her shoulder and informed us, "We are planning an excursion to the Fyoom."

Five minutes later Mr. Spink was giving an order to the landlord: "Have my bill ready. Going to the Fyoom to-morrow."

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir. A dragoman, of course?"

"None," answered Spink. "Do my own talking."

"Is the Fyoom a temple or a pyramid?" I asked; but my companion was staring into vacancy, and I might have yelled "Mr. Spink!" for half an hour without being heeded.

Next morning, at the station, as Mr. Spink was still oblivious, I amused myself by hanging out of the window of our compartment. Seeing a fellah boy who wore a tolerably decent fez, I beckoned him, and offered in exchange for it my stiff Derby. The rascal accepted the bargain, clapped the hat on, assumed exactly the air of a cockney tourist, stuck an imaginary glass in his eye, and haughtily strutted away. In company with the ragged crowd I was laughing at the fun, when suddenly a dark head, half hidden in a white capote, cut off my sunlight, a pair of burning eyes shot a baleful light into mine, a guttural was given out, and then the vision of Ishmael disappeared.

"Oh, Mr. Spink," I cried out, seizing his arm, "that Bedouin chief who cursed you is here."

"Lemme alone," growled Mr. Spink.

Three hours later, at El Wasta, where we changed trains, the sheik again glared upon us. "Oh dear!" said I, "that man is following us still."

"Nonsense! 'Gyptian fool!" was my anwer.

Presently I ventured, "Have you been to visit Mr. Fyoom before?"

"Not a man," Mr. Spink managed to respond; "a place—tract of country—fertile."

After a while we swept through yellow ridges and plains of gravel dotted with piles of stones, then, in the midst of this desolation, drew up at a little wretched station. Several Bedouins were waiting there, still and grand as statues.

"Hello! Looks rather an odd place," said Mr. Spink. "Won't go to the Fyoom; stop here."

Off came our valises and sundry packages; the train went on. And, to my horror, the terrible sheik had also chosen to stop. He glowered upon us, greeted the other Bedouins, mounted a handsome slender black horse, while the others had shabby-looking beasts, and they all rode away.

"Are we going to a hotel?" I asked, humbly, feeling very much in Mr. Spink's hands.

"Got our own hotel," he answered, grimly, pointing to our bundles, which held a tent and its appointments. "Going to camp out." Then laying his hand on the shaggy neck of a donkey, he said to its owner, "How much?"

Three donkeys and plenty of fresh beans and water were soon ours. A group of swarthy loungers from outlying villages stood staring after us, as, with ropes for bridles and bits of rag for saddles, we moved off slowly across the sands.

Two miles from that little station of El Edwa we made a camp and cooked supper. Why we were not robbed and murdered my later experience in travelling never taught me; but certainly there on the Libyan Desert we staid safely and quite alone for a week, only jogging over to El Edwa to meet the daily train. At last, on one bright afternoon, a sweet voice called out,

"Why, Mr. Spink, what are you doing in this dreadful place?"

"Camping out in the desert," he replied.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Percy, springing from the train—"an idea! How is it, Spink? Could we get on? How about the ladies?"

"All right—very comfortable," was the answer.

"Oh, come, I say," cried Wyndham, "this is a new sensation; and we could go to the Pyramids of Illahoon and Hawarah."

"Yes, and Pyramids are so jolly!" said Beatrice, as if the solemn piles were puppies or kittens.

"I think," pronounced the stately Constance, "we might be as comfortable in camp as in some dirty khan in Medeeneh."

"Where's that rascal of a dragoman?—where's Achmet?" was the cry, and in a few moments the luggage was off, and Achmet was doing wonders in dispatching some lazy fellows five miles to Medeeneh to bring us fresh fruit and milk.

Well, they put up the tents near ours; and Beatrice, in a jaunty blue flannel dress, a rough little toque set upon her bright head, made herself busy with the housekeeping. To Colonel Carnegie, who wanted to help her, she said, petulantly: "You're too clumsy, colonel. I like Teddy better." Whereupon I felt triumphant, and decided that although she was nineteen years old and I but thirteen, true love was strong enough to make up the little difference. And when Beatrice actually slapped his awkward hands with the tips of her own pretty plump digits, I wondered greatly to see the colonel's spirits rise.

We supped upon a hummock of stones, while the sun was going down over the green and purple of the rich Fyoom country, and painting the desert with strange effects of color.

Mr. Spink brought from his tent some apples, and offered them to Miss Isherwood. "They're from Maine," he exclaimed—"Chawsquemunkie apples."

"Positively," answered Constance, "I'll have nothing at all to do with any product of Chawsquemunkie."

"Ah," exclaimed Beatrice, "let me eat the apples. How delicious! I'm sure they come from a beautiful place."

"Best place in the world," said Mr. Spink, seeming quite unconscious of Miss Isherwood's insulting scorn.

"American patriotism is rather queer," remarked Wyndham. "Once when I was crossing the Atlantic a dozen Americans were trying to remember the words of your national song, 'The Star Besprinkled Standard,' or something of that sort, and positively between them all they could make out only a couplet, and sang 'God Save the Queen' instead."

"Why, yes," Carnegie added, "two Americans were boasting that the British were driven from New York Harbor. 'And when was that?' I asked. Neither could theenk oop the date, though they both knew varry well that Guy Fawkes is the 5th of November."

"Oh, come," interposed Beatrice. "I warrant Mr. Spink knows his own holidays. There's the Fourth of July, now. You see I'm quite an American."

"Always keep the Fourth," said Spink. "Hung out a flag and sent off rockets once in Senegambia. Natives thought me mad."

"Go on," Beatrice urged, sweetly. "I like to hear you talk."

After glancing at her with a half-smile, he obeyed. "Yes, and to-morrow is a day I always celebrate—Thanksgiving—last Thursday in November. Last year ate my turkey at the foot of Hecla."

"Pray," asked Wyndham, who always laughed as long as Mr. Spink would talk, "is 'ate my turkey' some sort of slang?"

"No," answered Spink, calmly, "it isn't."

"Perhaps," suggested Beatrice, "it's American for having a jolly time, or for receiving presents, like getting a Christmas-box. If that's it, I know what I'd want for a gift."

"What?" asked the colonel, eagerly. "I'll get you anything."

"I want—I want"—and she coquetted with the words to torment him—"I want a good saddle mare to take me galloping over the desert."

"Oh!" and Carnegie's face fell; "that's out of reason. One cawn't find anything in this desolation but vicious mules and mangy donkeys."

Early next morning Amos Spink was up and about, and staring through a spy-glass into the wastes around us. "Something coming," he mumbled. I, too, could make out figures in the distance, and soon a horseman was distinguishable, followed by two old mules laden with what looked like great heaps of rags, together with some household utensils, the carcass of a sheep, and other provisions.

"A sheik," said Achmet, "moves his family, or goes to make visit."

Mr. Spink meanwhile had begun to draw money from his pocket, and the confused heaps on the mules soon came well in sight. On the first was a native woman whose proportions and costume had made her look like a feather-bed. With one hand she clutched a baby, with the other an old hen-coop and an iron pot. The second mule carried a boy, a bunch of rags that stood for a girl, and sundry jangling and dragging "traps."

The chief himself made a picturesque figure in white burnoose and capote, a long Turkish gun slung across his back, a knife in his saffron-colored girdle. His horse, too, was a comely creature—black, delicate of nostril, and possibly of Arab blood. Good horses being rare in Egypt, Achmet, as the cavalcade drew near, made the sheik some compliment upon his mount.

"Oh!" I cried out, recognizing instantly the burning eyes and long mobile face—"oh, Mr. Spink, that's Sheik Kalfa-Zohair, who cursed you in the bazar in Cairo!"

"Pshaw!" answered Mr. Spink, "'Gyptian fool!" and springing forward, he boldly laid one hand on the Bedouin's saddle-bow, while in the other he shook a quantity of loose coin.

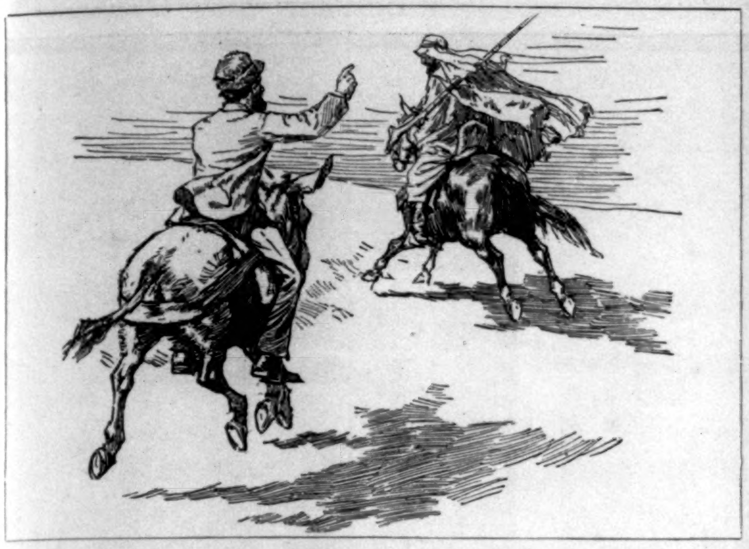
"Let me," said Achmet, "do you service. I can speak with sheik."

"Hold your tongue," was the answer. "Never saw the use of rascally dragoman yet."

Achmet retreated, and I too sought a prudent distance, leaving Mr. Spink vociferating something that I couldn't hear, clinking money, and holding to the saddle-bow. Kalfa, looking terrible, touched the mare, and she gave a great bound. Spink sprang for the bridle, caught it, and while the scared animal reared and plunged, he clung fast, shook his money, and began making wild gestures toward the sheik's wife. The woman, terrified, shrieked under her white face-cloth. Her mule gave a lunge; slam-bang went pots, pans, baby, and hen-coop, while the poor creature herself plumped up and down in the midst of all like a bag of meal. The men meanwhile struggled together in a whirlwind of sand; a Norwegian cap went flying through the air; Amos L. Spink went spinning after it. In a second he was up, in another had thrown a leg over the best of our donkeys, a very lively little beast, called out, "Come along, Teddy, and see the fun," and at once succeeded in cutting in between the chief and his distressed family. I too whipped up one of our long-eared friends, and trotted out toward the fray.

"Hold on; I'll give you more," shouted Spink, holding up big silver pieces. "Give you five—give you ten."

Kalfa tried to make a circuit, and so reach his wife, the flying pots and pans, and the yelling baby, but the enemy kept cunningly between them, con-



THE PURSUIT.

tinuing his offers. "Fifteen, twenty," and his fingers were opened and shut to emphasize the numbers. Several minutes of such skirmishing, and Kalfa made an ominous movement. He unslung the long gun from his back, and examined the lock.

"Get behind the children, Ted," yelled Mr. Spink; and jumping from my donkey, I clung to the tail of the sorry mule, which kicked viciously, while the boy pummelled me with a long stick. Spink meanwhile caught the bridle-rein from the woman's hand; so what with the baby and the hen-coop and the iron pot, and the fat creature struggling through it all to keep her veil in place, there was nothing to be seen but a whirligig of tatters and flying hoofs.

The sheik rode round and round, trying to take a deadly aim, and the Englishmen came out from camp armed to the teeth.

Spink would have no help. "Keep away," he called out. "'Gyptian fool, but he'll come to it. I'm all right. Say, make it thirty;" and he opened his hand swiftly six times. At the moment whiz! went a ball just over his shoulder; whiz! went another, grazing his arm.

"Fool!" he shouted, "you'll shoot the woman;" and only stopping to drag the hen-coop from her clutch, he let go her rein and stood free, a fair target.

Kalfa aimed again; the captain cocked his pistols; Achmet was palsied with terror. There came a report and smoke. Mr. Spink put his hand to his head: he was shot. No; he merely plucked out a lock of hair which had been clipped close by Kalfa's ball, and threw it away.

Achmet rushed to him. "Sir, effendi, monsieur, let me make service for you with the sheik."

"Can do my own talking," answered Mr. Spink in his usual voice.

Kalfa now lightly slipped from his saddle; a knife glittered in his hand, murder in his eye. He crouched to spring upon his victim. A moment only he paused, and hissed out some swift words; in the next, Achmet held him back by the throat, and wildly screamed to Mr. Spink: "He say you have put evil-eye on his dagger, and he sell it. You put evil-eye on his horse—his Sheger—the best mare in Egypt. He kill you, but he will no sell his horse."

For response, Mr. Spink dismounted, threw on the ground the old hen-coop which he had wrenched from the Bedouin woman, smashed it with his heel, and hauled out a struggling mass of black feathers. This he held toward the savage Kalfa, who still clutched the uplifted knife, and Mr. Spink asked him, cheerfully, "How much?"

The sheik's face changed from livid rage to confusion, from confusion to comprehension. Presently he stowed a handful of silver in his girdle, and made a deep salaam. The scattered household tumbled together again, took up the order of march, and passed on over the desert.

The Englishmen were looking on in great excitement, when who should come running across a quarter of a mile of sand but Beatrice, her face pale and her fair hair all flying loose.

"Oh," she sobbed, "how dreadful to risk your life in trying to buy a horse for me!"

"Horse for you? Nonsense!" said Mr. Spink. "Didn't want horse—wanted this;" and as he held up the bunch of black feathers, it reared a scarlet crest and croaked, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" panted Beatrice, and from the fright and exertion she dropped in a dead faint. Mr. Spink carried her back to camp in his arms.

That wretched fowl was duly cooked for our Thanksgiving dinner, and very tough it proved; but not one of those three men was inclined to ridicule Mr. Spink or to treat him with anything but respect.

"Jove!" said the colonel, "I never saw such coolness in all my life. I'd give a hundred pounds for that lock of hair that was shot off."

Before a second sunset we had broken up the camp and made for Cairo, where there were letters from old Mr. Percy ordering the young people to meet the yacht at Alexandria very soon. There was a letter, too, from my father, with information that I was to go to school in Paris, whither I must be dispatched by the next obliging traveller.

Whenever we met the two girls, Miss Isherwood would sweep by contemptuously, but Beatrice would always linger to talk with Mr. Spink. One day I overheard the conversation, and became wretchedly jealous and moody.

"Did you think over what I said?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she faltered, "but Chawsquemunkie is such an objection."

"Don't ask my wife to live in Maine," he answered. "Let her live in London, Paris—anywhere she likes. Settle million dollars on her."

"I really believe you wouldn't be an unkind husband," said Beatrice, "and I never thought it fair for my brother to chaff you so."

"Never mind chaff. Want my wife," responded Mr. Spink.

"And you're not afraid to undertake her?" she asked, archly.

"Not a bit. Loveliest woman in the world."

"Hush!" Beatrice whispered; "here comes the colonel. He's jealous of these meetings. By-by. *Don't forget the 16th.*"

When, a few days later, I was sent off to Paris, my desperate passion took the shape of a farewell letter to Beatrice; but after crying all night, I tore it up, and slunk away without the courage to even say good-by.

I had been for several weeks struggling in a French school to talk, study, and fight in a new tongue, when there arrived a missive bearing the London postmark. Beatrice Percy was to be married on the 16th of January to—Mr. Spink? No; to Colonel Carnegie, of H.M.'s Forty-ninth.

Six months more, and one afternoon, when a teacher had taken me for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, I stood watching the carriages filled with beauty and fashion as they went rolling by. Leaning against a railing not far from me I spied a familiar figure—a man in a shabby gray travelling suit. He bowed to a beautiful woman who slowly drove past in a magnificent equipage.

"Hello, Mr. Spink!" said I.

"Hello, Teddy!" he answered, looking still after the carriage.

"Why, I know that lady," I exclaimed, staring after her too. "She's Miss Constance Isherwood."

"No, she isn't, Ted. She's my wife, Mrs. Amos L. Spink. Threw over Percy and Wyndham both for me. Married her three months ago."

"And," I stammered, "you weren't in love with Beatrice, after all?"

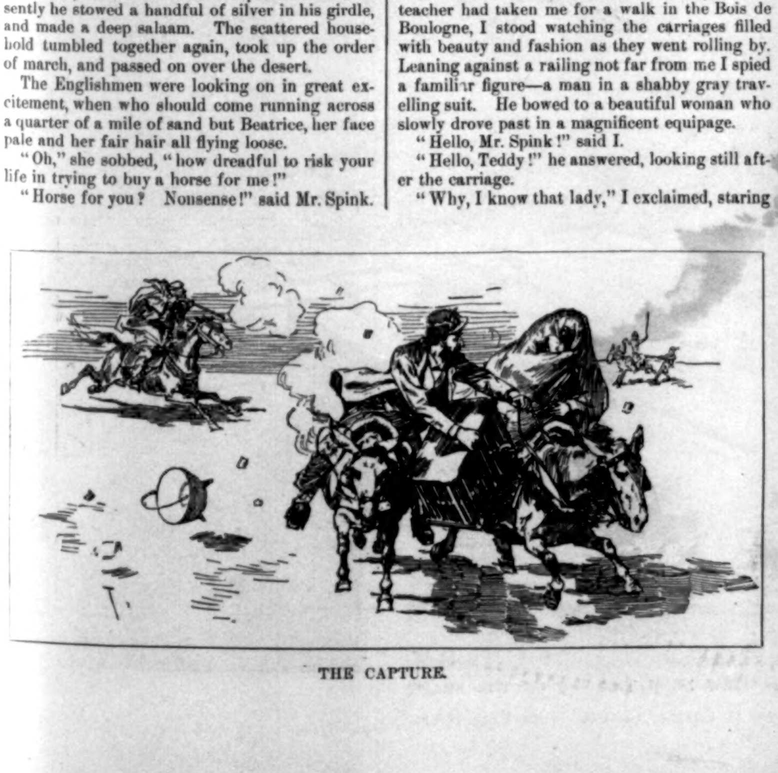
"Not a bit. Nice little thing. Good-natured. Talked me up to Constance. Had to send my offer through her. Constance wouldn't speak to me. Beatrice was engaged to Carnegie."

"But," I blurted out, with a boy's brutal frankness, "Miss Isherwood said you were a fool."

"Yes, oh yes," Mr. Spink assented, cheerfully. "Never did care copper cent for anything easy to get. Hard bargain for Constance. 'How much?' said I—'One million?' 'Two millions,' said she. All right. Settled two on her. Handsomest woman in Paris. Like to see her driving out. Good-by, Ted."

I never heard that Mr. Spink was otherwise than contented in his married life. He travels as usual. Mrs. Spink lives in Paris, and spends money.

FANNY FOSTER CLARK.



THE CAPTURE.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A FAIR white marble column, the loftiest of all the creations of men, has slowly arisen, during the past few years, to the memory of WASHINGTON. It is situated near the Potomac, in the midst of the groves and gardens of our beautiful national capital, not far from the President's House. It is now nearly completed. In a few months the last stone will be placed on the wonderful pillar, and it will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the next anniversary of WASHINGTON's birthday. In height it will exceed the pyramid of Cheops by nearly a hundred feet, the ball of St. Peter's by almost as much. The famous London monument by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN is a little more than one-third its height; the cupola of St. Paul's would seem almost a dwarf at its side. Our accomplished builder has made an excursion into the regions of the air quite unparalleled, and seems to rise easily with his great theme above all the labors of the past.

Yet it is a curious trait, showing the close connection between the early and the later discoveries of science, that the Washington Monument is built almost with the exact proportions of an Egyptian obelisk. This was found to be the best guide for the construction of so tall a pillar. The monument is ten times as high as it is broad at its base. It will be 555 feet high. It is an enlarged obelisk, a copy of the solitary shaft that still points out the deserted site of Heliopolis, or the ruddy pillars that adorn the Central Park and nearly all the great capitals of Europe—exiles of Egypt. But our American column will add to its attractions many conveniences unknown to the ancient or even modern builders. WREN's monument, or Trajan's Column at Rome, could only be ascended by a weary flight of steps. In WASHINGTON's the visitor will be seized upon by the genius of steam, and raised in a few moments in a comfortable elevator almost to the copper apex at its top. It is white marble on the outside, granite within. Iron columns rising to the top support the elevator. The foundation is so solid, the proportions so just, that the tall pillar shows scarcely a deflection from the line of strictest rectitude.

Globes of electric light will adorn the interior. There will be no darkness in the shaft. The copper point at the top conducts the lightning to the ground. It will never be struck like the statue of Jupiter on the Roman Capitol. The electric experiments of FRANKLIN will be remembered by every visitor. No one can examine this remarkable column without feeling that a new advance has been made in architecture, and the various devices used in its construction show the triumph of modern skill. Why should we not have houses as tall? Why abandon the upper regions of the air and cling so closely to the tainted earth? Before the visitor to the Washington Monument will open a prospect as fair as any the eye of man has rested on. He will look down upon a land of freedom. The scene is crowned with historical memories—some sad, some full of hope and joy. Before him flows the broad Potomac; not far away is Mount Vernon. Beneath him are battle-fields and scenes of bitter struggle in the past, and now the quiet city, hid in groves and gardens, sleeping in the shades of perpetual peace.

It is a hundred years since WASHINGTON, victorious yet sad, sick, impoverished, and almost desponding, had returned to Mount Vernon, hoping to find rest. But for him there was to be no repose. He was drawn at once into that violent political contest that followed the cessation of the war. He led the party of union. His mental labors were ceaseless and excessive; he grew old early. But he was successful. The disturbed and disordered country rose to prosperity and peace. Its enemies, who had foretold its utter ruin, were amazed at its progress. The Union sprang up fair and shapely from the builder's hand, and it was chiefly by the influence of WASHINGTON's spotless name and ceaseless toil that the nation became one. It is this period in his life that the new monument will most fitly commemorate. It was then that he became more than ever the author of modern freedom.

This lofty and magnificent column will attract for generations the reverent curiosity of freemen. They will come from every part of the world to visit the city, the monument, and the grave of WASHINGTON. The obelisk recorded only the name of a despot and the sorrows of the people. A Trajan and a Marcus Aurelius were the masters of a nation of slaves. The legends and monuments of European kings grow stale and unprofitable. The white marble shaft at Washington recalls a name dear to all mankind.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl who recently appeared in Atlanta had made the journey there from St. Louis on freight trains, having travelled the whole way surreptitiously, after the manner of tramps, without payment of money, but at the cost of much bodily wear and tear and considerable tribulation of mind. She wanted to see the world, which is, however, but a chastening and depressing spectacle when looked upon from the rear bumper of a cloud-compelling freight train.

One hundred tons of Paris green are distributed yearly as food for the potato-bugs of the State of Maine.

The railway up Vesuvius pays, one reason probably being that railroad construction on the volcano has not been overdone.

The Actors' Fund benefit at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of December 4 will probably eclipse any theatrical entertainment ever given in America, all the leading lights of the stage having volunteered to appear on that occasion. Among the letters received by the managers are offers from Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, John Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Florence, Lawrence Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Madame Ristori, Joseph Jefferson, and, in fact, all the leading theatrical celebrities now in this country. The management is in the hands of such well-known men as Palmer, Colville, Mallory, Henderson, Wallack, Poole, Booth, Harrigan, and Birch. Harry Miner, the president of the fund, has received the assistance of the press throughout the city, and everything points toward a grand success.

In the round of time a New York pie dealer has come to be interviewed. He began business in 1840 with a few such customers at lunch-time as Horace Greeley, P. T. Barnum, and Mr. and Mrs. Niblo, of Niblo's Garden. Now he makes 20,000 pies a day, using 300 barrels of flour, 6000 pounds of sugar, 840 dozens of eggs, 2640 pounds of lard, 1440 quarts of milk, 25 barrels of apples, and other fruits and filling material in proportion, every week.

Berlin is to have an umbrella loan society, with branch offices scattered all over the city. The business of lending umbrellas has always been so easily and amply performed by unassociated individuals that this enterprise seems, at the first blush, a work of supererogation; but it may be that the Berlin people have become so particularly tired of a really onerous custom that the society's establishment is demanded as an ordinary humane charity. At the same time it is a profound and curious matter when a number of persons deliberately ally themselves for the declared purpose of lending umbrellas, and put themselves about to make the borrowing of these evanescent articles more easy.

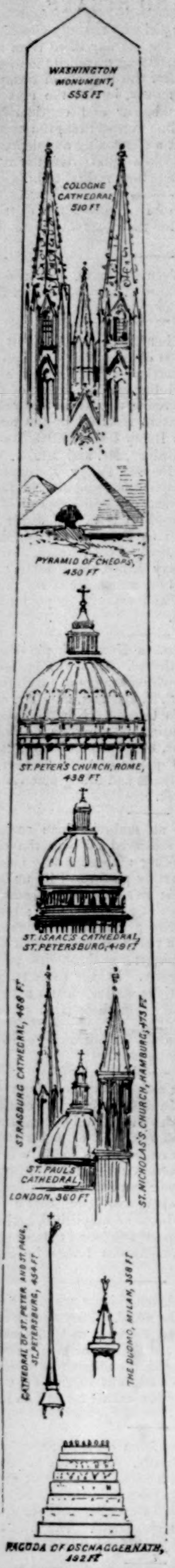
A new process for disinfecting rags supposed to be infected with the cholera contagion consists in driving into the bales a series of hollow screws, through which sulphurous air or superheated steam is forced. In experiments recently made at this port the best results were obtained with the sulphurous air. Five minutes after the screws were thrust into a bale it was found that a perfect fumigation had been accomplished, and the bale, on being torn apart, was found to have been permeated by the sulphurous fumes in every part.

The Barbadoes chicken thieves are said to be the most expert in the world. They seize a fowl from the roost, thrust its head under its wing, and whirl it around swiftly five or six times in the air, whereupon the chicken becomes stupefied, and may be put into a bag and carried off without fear that it will emit a cackle for half an hour to come.

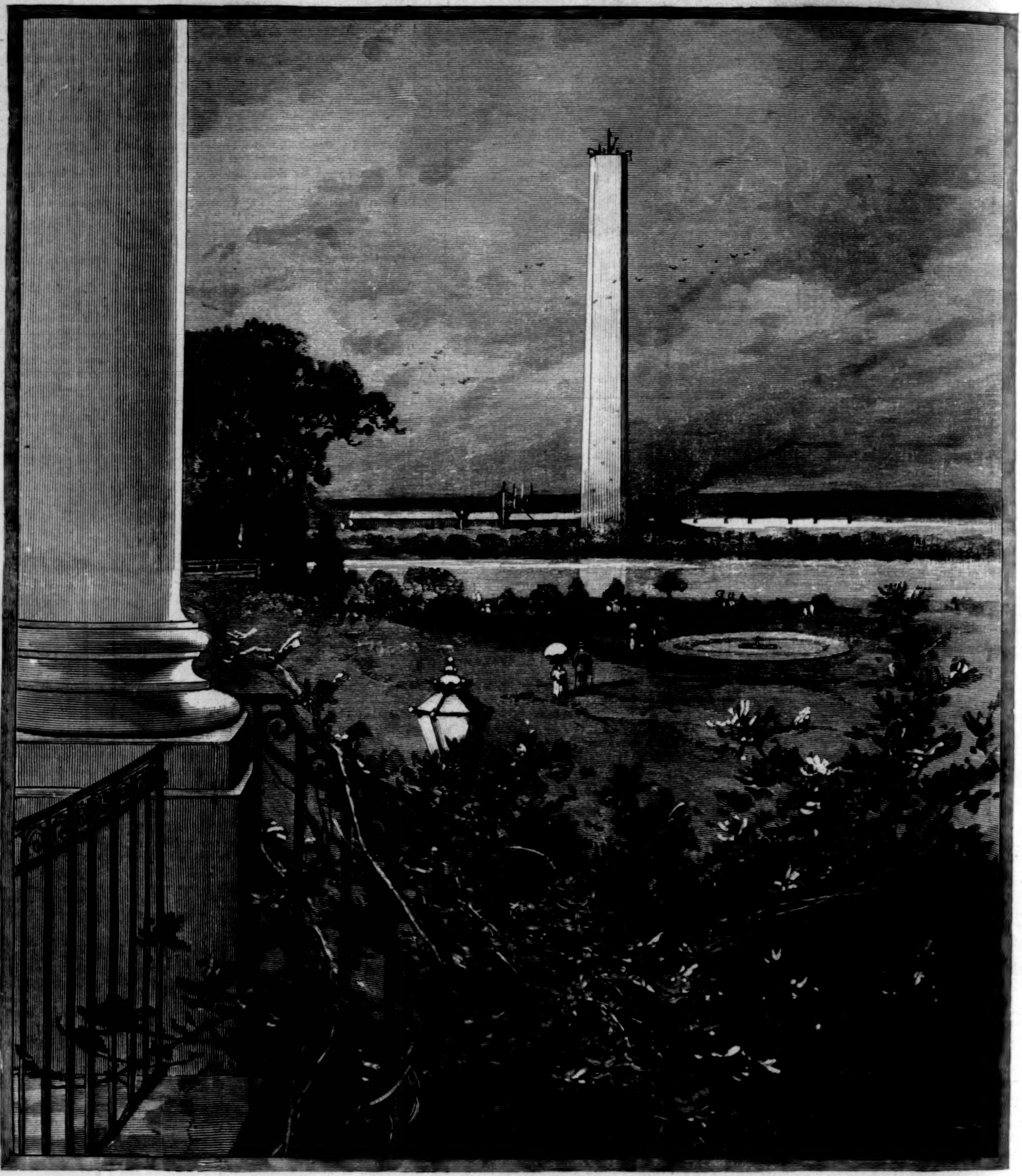
Pomegranates have been on sale recently at the fruit stands in Boston. They were imported by a Boston firm at a venture, such fruit never having been offered to the public of the New England metropolis before. Bostonians took to them, and the venture was successful. The fruit has been on sale in New York for years.

It took only twenty-three minutes for a telegraph message to travel over 13,308 miles of wire by land and sea between Melbourne, Australia, and London.

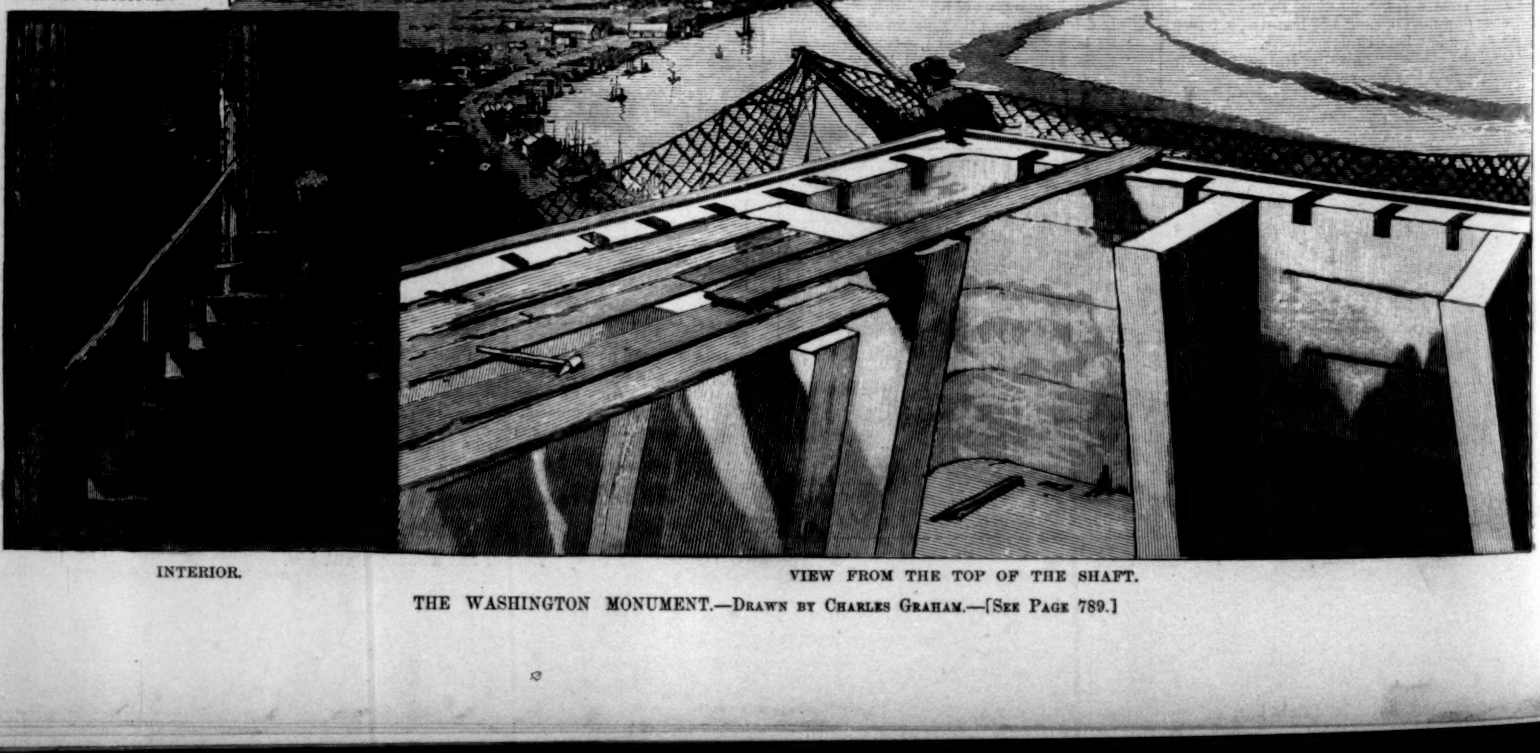
The Prefect of Reggio, in Italy, was recently turned out of his office on the charge of having adopted eccentric and absurd measures in combating the development of the cholera. He justified himself in a letter to the newspapers, arguing that "when you have to deal with lunatics or idiots you must put yourself on a level with their intelligence," and told the following: "Somebody one night placed a couple of eggs, one black and one white, on the threshold of a house, after which he aroused the inmates to warn them that they were threatened with cholera, for, he said, the eggs were at their door. The terror of the foolish inmates communicated itself to the inhabitants of the village; the authorities were apprised of what had occurred, and met to deliberate on the situation. It was ultimately decided that the house on the steps of which the eggs were found should be surrounded by a sanitary cordon, and that being done, a man with a net at the end of a prodigiously long pole picked up the eggs, which were conveyed with extreme precaution to the cemetery, and in the presence of the authorities buried in a hole filled with quicklime." This absurd proceeding, the Prefect added, was necessary to restore confidence to the villagers.


WASHINGTON MONUMENT, 555 FT
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL 510 FT
PYRAMID OF CHEOPS, 450 FT
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, ROME, 438 FT
ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG, 419 FT
STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, 468 FT
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, 360 FT
ST. NICHOLAS'S CHURCH, HAMBURG, 473 FT
CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG, 454 FT
THE DUOMO, MILAN, 358 FT
PAGODA OF DSCHAGGERNATH, 192 FT

COMPARATIVE HEIGHT OF VARIOUS STRUCTURES.

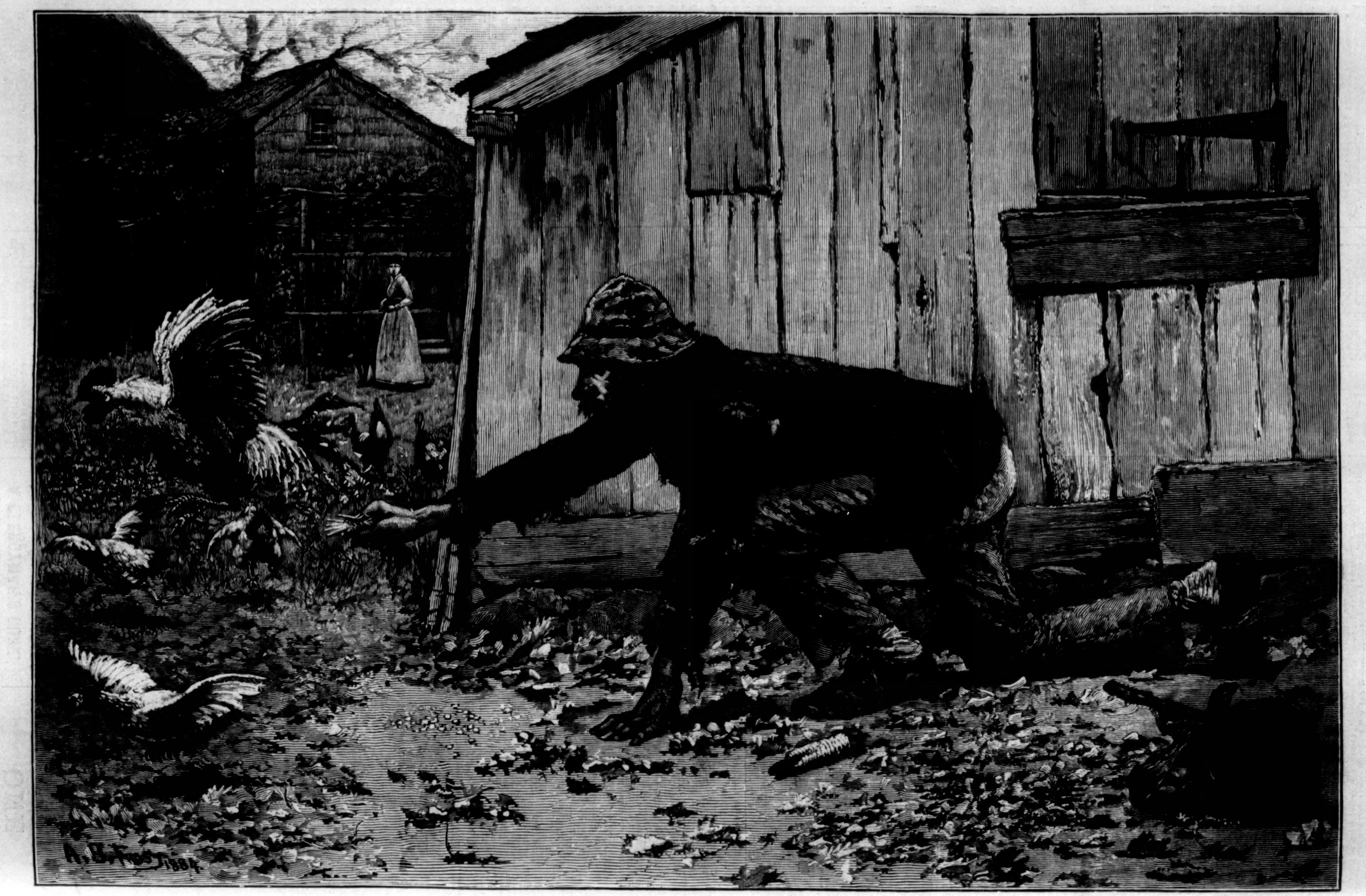


PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MONUMENT—THE VIEW FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.



INTERIOR. VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE SHAFT.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 789.]


A. B. Frost 1884.

JUST MISSED HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE WAXING AND WANING OF GLACIERS.

M. J. Venetz, an engineer of Canton Vaud, was the first to point out, in a work published at Zurich in 1833, that glaciers are nearly always either waxing or waning, and his conclusions have been confirmed by several subsequent observers, notably by Professor Forel, of Morges, whose investigations extend over a considerable period. The exact observation of glacial phenomena, like science itself, is quite modern; but we have abundant evidence that for ages past glaciers have increased and diminished with periodic regularity. It is on record that, toward the end of the seventeenth century, the lower Grindelwald glacier invaded pastures and swept away trees in the beautiful valley between the Jungfrau and the Faulhorn. The glaciers of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were also, during the same period, pushing forward; for several peaks, easily crossed in the fifteenth century, had become impracticable in the eighteenth.

There exists, moreover, a map of the neighborhood of the Grimsel, drawn in 1740 by a doctor of Lucerne; and when Agassiz, in 1845, compared this map with the glaciers of the Aar, he found that they had advanced a full kilometer; that is to say, their lower extremities were that much further down the valley. Less than forty years ago the great Aletsch glacier, which of late has so wofully waned, was waxing in portentous fashion. It uprooted trees and threw down houses which had stood for generations. The times when glaciers gain ground live long in the memories of the mountaineers of the Alps. For tradition and history tell of waxing glaciers which push before them masses of snow so vast as to overwhelm villages, destroy human lives, and sweep away flocks and herds. People are still living in Switzerland who retain a vivid recollection of the terrible time, some sixty-five years ago, when the swelling glaciers thrust before them such heaps of snow and rubbish that meadows were devastated, woods cut down, dwellings buried and their inmates smothered, and goat-herds starved to death in their huts.

Another like period was that between 1608 and 1611. In Canton Glarus alone hundreds of acres of forest and meadow-land were wasted by glacier and avalanche. In August, 1585, the sudden forward movement of a glacier destroyed a herd of cattle in the Val di Tuorz (Graubünden), burying them so deeply that their bodies were never seen again. On December 27, 1819, the village of Randa, in the Valais, was destroyed by a Gletscher-lawine (glacier avalanche). Almost every building the village contained was either overwhelmed and crushed or lifted bodily upward and thrown on one side. Millstones went spinning through the air like cannon-balls; balks of timber were shot into a wood a mile above the village; the dead bodies of kine were found hundreds of yards from their pastures; and the church spire was sent flying into a distant meadow, like an arrow from a bow.

In 1855 began that long retrograde movement which seems only now to be approaching its term. Twenty-five years ago the two great Chamounix glaciers appeared to be in fair way for reaching the chalets that stand near the terminal moraine; and then they stopped, and have gone back ever since. The shrinking, though neither simultaneous nor equal, has been general and remarkable, and produced a decided and not altogether desirable change in the aspect of many Alpine valleys. The beautiful little Rosenlaue glacier, which twenty years ago gleamed among the dark pine woods and green pastures of the Reichenbach Valley, has utterly disappeared, leaving behind it an unsightly moraine of rocky fragments.

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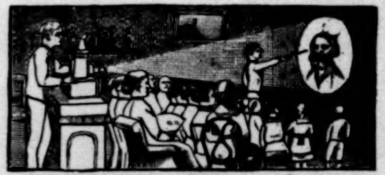

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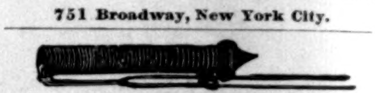

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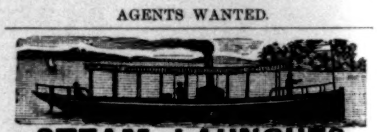

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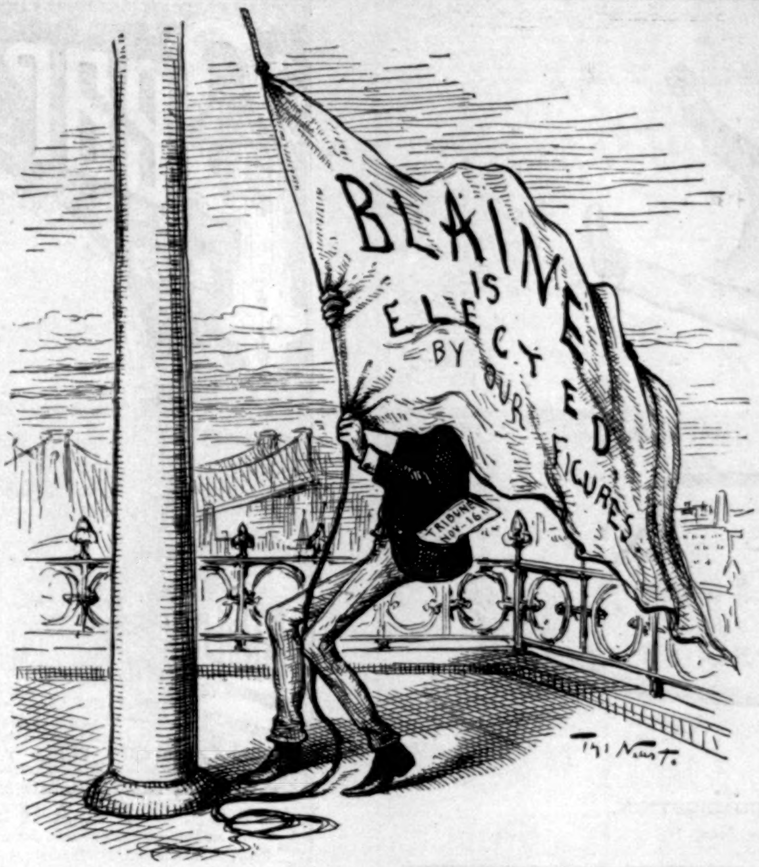
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